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Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America; comprising a voyage from St. Louis, on the Mississippi, to the source of that river; and a journey through the interior of Louisiana, and the northeastern provinces of New Spain. Performed in the years 1805, 1806, 1807, by order of the government of the United States. By Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Major 6th Regt. United States Infantry. 4to. pp. 436.

AMONG the recent travels connected in point of subject with the present volume, are Michaux's journey to the westward of the Alleghany mountains, and the more extensive peregrinations of Captains Lewis and Clarke across the American continent. The former undertaking, though valuable on the ground of information, was limited in its object to the dominions of the United States: but the latter opened an unknown country to the geographical investigator, and showed the American government how far their newly acquired territory, Louisiana, was likely to be benefited by channels of communication with the western ocean. Major

Pike performed two expeditions, from a similar motive of ascertaining the situation and properties of particular districts of Louisiana. His first journey was directed northward to the sources of the Mississippi; and while it enabled him to make a report on the mode of navigating that river, it afforded also an opportunity of apprizing the Indian tribes, along its banks, of the extended jurisdiction of the United States. In his second journey, his steps were bent to the west; and after having ascended the Missouri for several hundred miles, and taken steps to attach the savages to the American government, he proceeded to examine the navigation of the great rivers to the south of the Missouri. These missions were altogether of a public nature; the author being an officer in the American army, and receiving his instructions from General Wilkinson, the commander of the troops in Louisiana: while the substance of these instructions, moreover, was communicated to the president, and obtained his approbation. In point of spirit and perseverance, a fitter person than Major Pike could not have been easily found; but his experience and judgment were not proportioned to his zeal; and the relation of his adventures contain several proofs of the unfortunate consequences of a want of previous combination. We apprehend that he is the same officer who, with the rank of brigadier, lately fell in action with the British at the taking of Little York, in Canada.

The author, then only *Lieutenant Pike*, set sail on the first expedition from St. Louis, a station situated near lat. 38. a short way below the confluence of the Mississippi with the still larger stream of the Missouri. The time of his departure was 9th August; a period of the year which, as we shall see presently, was too late by several months the fit season for undertaking a voyage to the source of the Mississippi being the beginning of summer, when the ice is melted, and before the decrease of water, which renders it difficult to pass the shallows, has taken place. The party consisted of himself, a sergeant, two corporals, and seventeen privates, all embarked in a keel-boat of seventy feet in length, with provisions for four months. His instructions were in substance as follows:

“You will please to take the course of the river, and calculate distances by time, noting rivers, creeks, highlands, prairies, islands, rapids, shoals, mines, quarries, timber, water, soil, Indian villages, and settlements, in a diary to comprehend reflections on the winds and weather. It is interesting to government to be informed of the population and residence of the several Indian nations, of the quantity and species of skins and furs they barter per annum, and their relative price to goods; of the tracts of country on which they generally make their hunts, and the people with whom they trade.—You are to spare no pains to conciliate the Indians, and to attach them to the United States; and you may

invite the great chiefs of such distant nations as have not been at this place, to pay me a visit."

It would be tedious to follow Mr. P. through his long list of observations on the channel and banks of the Mississippi, and on the appearance of the copious streams which flow from east and west to augment its waters. The scenery, though frequently grand, was seen by him to advantage only on a few occasions, when the state of the voyage allowed him to step on shore and ascend a commanding elevation; and, while he kept to the river, his intercourse was generally confined to small parties of Indians passing along in their canoes. The savages in this quarter are no strangers to the benefit of traffic with Europeans.

"19th August.—Whilst we were at work at our boat on the sand beach, three canoes with Indians passed on the opposite shore. They cried 'How do you do?' wishing us to give them an invitation to come over; but receiving no answer they passed on."—"We afterwards met four Indians and two Squaws; having landed with them, we gave them one quart of *made*, or diluted whiskey, a few biscuits, and some salt. I requested some venison of them; they pretended they could not understand me, but after we had left them, they held up two hams, and hallooed and laughed at us in derision."—

"1st September.—Dined with Mr. Dubuque, who informed me that the Sioux and Sauteurs were as warmly engaged in opposition as ever; that not long since the former had killed fifteen of the latter, who, in return, killed ten Sioux, at the entrance of the St. Peter's; and that a war party, composed of the Sacs, Reynards, Puants, to the number of two hundred warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but that they had heard that the chief, having had an unfavourable dream, persuaded the party to return, and that I should meet them on my voyage. At this place I was introduced to a chief called the Raven of the Reynards. He made a very flowery speech on the occasion, which I answered in a few words, accompanied by a small present."—

"12th September.—Opposite to Root river we passed a prairie called La Crosse, from a game of ball played frequently on it by the Sioux Indians. On this prairie Mr. Frazer showed me some holes dug by the Sioux, when in expectation of an attack; into which they first put their women and children, and then crawl in themselves; they were generally round, about ten feet in diameter, but some were half moons, and formed quite a breastwork. This, I understand, was the chief's work, which was the principal redoubt. Their mode of constructing them is as follows: the moment they apprehend, or discover, an enemy on a prairie, they commence digging with their knives, tomahawks, and a wooden ladle, and in an incredibly short space of time sink a hole sufficiently capacious to secure themselves and their families from the balls or arrows of the enemy. They have no idea of taking these subterranean redoubts by storm, as they would probably lose a great number of men in the attack; and although they might be

successful in the event, it would be considered as a very imprudent action."

That French names are still used for the Indian tribes is owing to the circumstance of French continuing to be the prevalent language throughout Lower Canada. In Mr. Pike's report of the different nations of savages, (if the word *nation* may be applied to such insignificant numbers,) we have not found much that differs from former descriptions. One tribe, he tells us, (p. 128.) has acquired the use of fire-arms, but is not yet considered as superior to those who have only bows and arrows. In an open plain, the advantage of the former, indeed, is less apparent: but it admits of no question in bush-fighting, where a bullet holds its course through obstacles which are sufficient to turn the feathered shaft from its direction. Two other tribes of Indians, called Yanctongs and Tetons, possessing an ample stock of horses, are accustomed to move from place to place with a rapidity scarcely to be conceived by the inhabitants of the civilized world. The following is a population-table of the Indians residing on the banks of the Mississippi, and of its confluent streams, between St. Louis in Louisiana and the source of the river:

Names of Nations.	No. of Warriors.	No. of Women.	No. of Children.	No. of Villages.	Probable No. of Souls.
Sacs - - -	700	750	1,400	3	2,850
Foxes - - -	400	500	850	3	1,750
Jowas - - -	300	400	700	2	1,400
Winebagoes - -	450	500	1,000	7	1,950
Menomenes - -	300	350	700	7	1,350
Sioux - - -	3,835	7,030	11,800	3	21,675
Chippeways - -	2,049	3,184	5,954	. .	11,177
Total - - -	8,034	12,714	22,394	25	42,152

Of the state of morals among these untutored beings, the following anecdote may afford some idea:

"We marched, determined to find the lodges. Met an Indian, whose track we pursued through almost impenetrable woods, for about two miles and a half to the camp. Here there was one of the finest sugar camps I almost ever saw; the whole of the timber being sugar maples. We were conducted to the chief's lodge, who received us in the patriarchal style. He presented us with sirups of the maple to drink, and asked whether I preferred eating beaver, swan, elk, or deer? Upon my giving the preference to the first, a large kettle was filled with it by his wife, of which soup was made. This being thickened with

flour, we had what I then thought a delicious repast. After we had refreshed ourselves, he asked whether we would visit his people at the other lodges? Having complied, we were presented in each with something to eat; by some with a bowl of sugar, by others beavers' tails, and other esteemed delicacies. After making this tour, we returned to the chief's lodge, and found a birth provided for each of us, of good soft bear skins nicely spread, and on mine there was a large feather pillow. In the course of the day, observing a ring on one of my fingers, he inquired if it was gold: he was told it was the gift of one with whom I should be happy to be at that time. He seemed to think seriously, and at night told my interpreter 'that perhaps his father (as they called me) felt much grieved for the want of a woman: if so, he could furnish him with one.' He was answered that with us each man had but one wife, and that I considered it strictly my duty to remain faithful to her. This he thought strange, (he himself having three,) and replied, 'that he knew some Americans at his nation who had half a dozen wives during the winter. The interpreter observed that they were men without character; but that all of our great men had each but one wife. The chief acquiesced, but said he liked better to have as many as he pleased.'

The frontier settlers, to whom the Indian chief referred, rank among the rudest of civilized traders; many of them are of too restless a turn to remain in their native country, whether it be Europe or the United States; and they are not ashamed, in these remote quarters, to do things in the prosecution of their mercantile concerns, which they would be the first to condemn in a country of regular business. Amid all their improprieties, however, they possess in perfection the virtue of hospitality; and their assistance to a countryman in distress is not limited by the rules of cold calculation.

About two months after Mr. P.'s departure from St. Louis, the weather became cold, and the unfortunate error of setting out in autumn proved productive of very unpleasant effects. The keel-boat having been damaged and left behind, the party experienced much difficulty in pushing over the shallows the smaller boats in which they now attempted to make their way. At last, about lat. 45. they relinquished the farther prosecution of the voyage, and determined to proceed by land. It became necessary, therefore, to form an encampment of log-houses as a station for those of the party who were to remain behind, while the others went forwards to the source of the Mississippi. In this stage of the expedition, Mr. P. occasionally hunted in the woods, and was soon convinced of the precarious and uncomfortable plan of depending on such a source for the subsistence of his party:

"Saturday, 2d of November.—Left the camp with a full determination of killing an elk if possible before my return. I had never yet killed one of these animals. Took with me Miller, whose obliging

disposition made him agreeable in the woods. I was determined that if we came on the trail of elk, to follow them a day or two in order to kill one. This to a person acquainted with the nature of those animals, and the extent of the prairies in this country, would appear, what it really was, a very foolish resolution. We soon struck where a herd of one hundred and fifty had passed, pursued and came in sight about eight o'clock, when they appeared, at a distance, like an army of Indians, moving along in single file; a large buck of at least four feet between the horns leading the van, and one of equal magnitude bringing up the rear. We followed till near night, without being once able to get within point blank shot. Shortly after we saw three elk by themselves, near a copse of wood; approached near them and broke the shoulder of one, but he ran off with his companions. Just as I was about to follow, I observed a buck deer lying in the grass, which I shot behind the eyes, when he fell over. I walked up to him, put my foot on his horns and examined the shot, upon which he snorted, bounced up, and fell about five steps from me. This I considered his last effort, but soon after, to our utter astonishment, he jumped up and ran off; he stopped frequently; we pursued him, expecting him to fall every minute, by which we were led from the pursuit of the wounded elk. After having wearied ourselves out in this unsuccessful chase, we returned to pursue the wounded elk, and when we came up to the party, found him missing from the flock. Shot another in the body, but my ball being small he likewise escaped; wounded another deer. Being now hungry, cold, and fatigued, after having wounded three deer and two elk, we were obliged to encamp, in a point of hemlock woods, on the head of Clear river. The large herd of elk lay about one mile from us, in the prairie. Our want of success I ascribe to the smallness of our balls, and to our inexperience in following the track, after wounding them, for it is very seldom a deer drops on the spot where he is shot.

"*Sunday, 3d November.*—Rose pretty early and went in pursuit of the elk; wounded one buck deer on the way; passed many droves of elk and buffalo, but being in the middle of an immense prairie, knew it was folly to attempt to shoot them. Wounded several deer, but got none; in fact, I knew I could shoot as many deer as any body, but neither myself nor companion could find one in ten, where an experienced hunter would have got all he shot. About sundown we saw a herd crossing the prairie towards us, which induced us to sit down; two bucks, more curious than the others, came pretty close. I struck one of them behind the fore-shoulder; he did not go more than twenty yards, before he fell and died. This was the cause of much exultation, because it fulfilled my determination, and as we had been two days and nights without victuals, it was a very acceptable prize.—After having proceeded about a mile farther, we made a fire, and with much labour and pains got our meat to it; the wolves feasting upon one half while we were carrying away the other. We were now provisioned, but were still in want of water; the snow being all melted; finding my thirst very excessive in the night, I went in search of water, and was much surprised, after having gone about a mile, to strike the Mississippi: here I filled my hat, and returned to my companion."

The farther progress of the party was much impeded by the necessity of dragging their ammunition and baggage on sledges, and by unfortunate alternations in the weather from frost to thaw. They passed several weeks in this dreary and tardy journey, being frequently unable to advance above a few miles in a day; and they found the Mississippi now diminished to the width of one hundred yards, and holding generally a slow course through a level country. At last, in the beginning of February, they reached Leech-lake, the principal source of the river, and were hospitably received at the house of one of the agents of the association of Canada fur-traders, incorporated under the name of the Northwest Company. Adventurous as Mr. Pike was, he could not help being surprised that any inducements should be sufficient to prevail on men to withdraw from civilized society, and pass season after season in so inhospitable a solitude. This is, however, only one of the many ramifications of the Northwest Company.

“The fur trade in Canada has always been considered as an object of the first importance to that colony, and has been cherished by the respective governors of that province, by every regulation in their power, under both the French and English administrations. The great and almost unlimited influence the traders of that country had acquired over the savages, were severely felt, and will long be remembered, by the citizens on our frontiers.

“In the year 1766, the trade was first extended from Michillimackinac to the northwest, by a few adventurers, whose mode of life on the voyage, and short residence in civil society, obtained for them the appellation of *Coueurs des Bois*. From this trifling beginning arose the present Northwest Company, who, notwithstanding the repeated attacks made on their trade, have withstood every shock, and are now, by a coalition of the late X Y Company, established on so firm a basis, as to bid defiance to every opposition that can be made by private individuals. By a late purchase of the king's posts in Canada, they extended their lines of trade from Hudson's bay to the St. Lawrence, up that river on both sides to the lakes, from thence to Lake Superiour, at which place the Northwest Company have their head quarters. This year they have despatched a Mr. Mackenzie on a voyage of trade and discovery down Mackenzie's river to the North Sea, and also a Mr. M'Kay to cross the Rocky mountains, and proceed to the western ocean with the same objects. They have had a gentleman by the name of Thomson, making a geographical survey of the northwest part of the continent: who for three years, with an astonishing spirit of enterprise and perseverance, passed over all that extensive and unknown country. His establishment, although not splendid, (the mode of travelling not admitting it,) was such as to allow of the most unlimited expenses in every thing necessary to facilitate his inquiries, and he is now engaged in digesting the important results of his undertaking.”

The recent occurrences in our contest with the Americans, on the side of Canada, exhibit in a striking light the continued influ-

ence of our government and traders over their savage neighbours. At Leech-lake, the agent of the Northwest Company lived in a house sufficiently fortified to withstand any attack from the Indians in a moment of discontent, and the British flag was hoisted on occasion of any public transaction. The latter practice, however, on the territory of a different power, was wholly contrary to national usage; and Mr. Pike found no difficulty in obtaining from the agent a promise to desist in future from this and other political irregularities. Having assembled the chiefs of the neighbouring savages, he explained to them the transfer, from Spain and France, of the sovereignty of the surrounding country, to the United States, and made them promise to conclude peace with the adjoining tribes. Afterward, taking with him two of the young warriors as deputies to the American head-quarters, he proceeded on his return to the south. In this part, as in the voyage up the river, his journal is composed with a minuteness which, however valuable in an official report, has little interest for the public at large. On passing the small tribe of Indians called, by French travellers, Fols-Avoine, he was struck with their superiority over their neighbours in personal appearance. When drawing nearer home, about lat. 39. he had an opportunity of observing an instance of the vast multitudes of pigeons, which are to be found in certain favourable situations.

“About ten miles above Salt river we stopped at some islands where there were pigeon roosts, and in about fifteen minutes my men had knocked on the head, and brought on board, about three hundred. I frequently heard of the fecundity of this bird, but never gave credit to what I then thought to approach the marvellous; but really the most fervid imagination cannot conceive their numbers. Their noise in the woods was like the continued roaring of the wind, and the ground may be said to have been absolutely covered with their excrement. The young ones which we killed were nearly as large as the old; they could fly about ten steps, and were one mass of fat; their craws were filled with acorns and the wild pea. They were still reposing on their nests, which were merely small bunches of sticks joined, with which all the small trees were covered.”

We now come to the second part of the book, the journal of an expedition to the westward, towards that portion of the immense territory of Louisiana which borders on New Mexico. The object of this enterprise was twofold;—to lay the basis of a good understanding between the Americans and the Indians of this quarter;—and to ascertain the direction, extent, and navigation of the two great rivers known by the names of Arkansaw and Red River. In this, as in the former expedition, the season was too far advanced, and the adventurers were again doomed to suffer the inclemency of winter. Having visited the savage tribes of the Osages and Pawnees, whose manners are rather fully

described, the party held a southern course to the Arkansaw ; and, on reaching its banks, one division set out on a voyage down the river, while Mr. Pike and the other division marched in a western direction towards its source. Their support was derived from the buffaloes and other beasts of game which they succeeded in shooting. They observed in their progress many burrowing places, or, as he terms them, "towns" of the squirrels, or prairie-dogs, called by the savages "wish-ton-wish;" and he gives rather a minute account of the economy of these animals :

"The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some small creek or pond, in order to be convenient for water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence, being under ground, is burrowed, and the earth brought out is made to answer the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, on which account I could never ascertain their depth; but I once had a hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of the villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether this be from an instinct they possess inclining them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think is entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the granivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their stations on which they could subsist: for they never extend their excursions more than half a mile from their burrows. They are of a dark brown colour, except their bellies, which are white; their tails are not so long as those of our gray squirrels, but are shaped precisely the same. Their teeth, head, nails, and body, are those of the perfect squirrel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two and three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps, containing two or more inhabitants, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of these animals with our rifles, and found them excellent meat after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of wish-ton-wish, from which they derive their name with the Indians, uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows, where they post themselves, and watch even the slightest movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be shot dead; for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It was extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abounded with rattlesnakes, both of the yellow and black species, and

strange as it may appear, I have seen the wish-ton-wish, the rattle-snake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds, (termed by the Spaniards the chamelion, from their taking no visible sustenance,) and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort, but I have witnessed the fact in more than one instance."

The length of the march in search of the head of the Arkansaw greatly exceeded calculation; and the weather having become very severe, the travellers were deprived of the use of their horses. Mr. Pike, however, was determined to persevere, although the clothing of his men was not calculated for a winter campaign. In the course of his march, he had heard of the safe return of Captains Lewis and Clarke from their long peregrinations, and their success tended to encourage his party to proceed. They advanced accordingly, day after day, at first to the west, and afterwards to the south, agreeably to the direction of a river which they conceived to be the main branch of the Arkansaw. The most striking object in this dreary progress was an immense mountain, (p. 225.) the height of which they calculated at 18,000 feet above the level of the sea; an elevation inferior to few mountains except Chimborazo. It was known to the savages for several hundred miles around, and formed the northwestern boundary to the excursions of the Spaniards of New Mexico. In vain the adventurous party attempted to ascend its sides, since, before they were half way up, they marched in snow which reached to their middles; and they had reason to apprehend that a perseverance in the attempt at such a season would lead to fatal consequences. Even in lower and less exposed quarters, the inclemency of the weather, and the effects of snow-storms in driving the beasts of game to places of shelter, had nearly been productive of melancholy results.

"17th January.—When we halted at the woods at eight o'clock for encampment, after getting fires made, we discovered that the feet of nine of our men were frozen, and to add to the misfortune, of both of those whom we called hunters among the number. This night we had no provision.

"Next day.—We started out two of the men least injured; the doctor and myself (who fortunately were untouched by the frost) also went out to hunt for something to preserve existence. Near evening we wounded a buffalo with three balls, but had the mortification to see him run off notwithstanding. We concluded it was useless to go home to add to the general gloom, and went amongst some rocks where we encamped, and sat up all night; as from the intense cold it was impossible to sleep: also hungry and without cover.

"19th January.—We again took the field, and after crawling about one mile in the snow, got to shoot eight times among a gang of buffaloes, and could plainly perceive two or three to be badly wounded, but by accident they took the wind of us, and to our great mortification were all able to run off. By this time I was become extremely weak and faint, being the fourth day since we had received sustenance, the whole of which time we were marching hard, and the last night had scarcely closed our eyes to sleep. We were then inclining our course to a point of wood, determined to remain absent and die by ourselves rather than return to our camp and behold the misery of our poor companions; when we discovered a gang of buffaloes coming along at some distance. With great exertion I made out to run and place myself behind some cedars, and by the greatest good luck the first shot stopped one, which we killed in three more shots, and by the dusk had cut each of us a heavy load, with which we determined immediately to proceed to the camp in order to relieve the anxiety of our men, and carry them some relief. We arrived there about twelve o'clock, and when I threw my load down, it was with difficulty I prevented myself from falling: I was attacked with a giddiness which lasted for some minutes. On the countenances of the men was not a frown, nor was there a desponding eye; all seemed happy to hail their officer and companions; yet not a mouthful had they eaten for four days. On demanding what were their thoughts, the sergeant replied, the most robust had determined to set out on the morrow in search of us; and not return unless they found us, or killed something to preserve the lives of their starving companions."

Proceeding in a southern direction, the travellers discovered, by the aid of a glass, a large river flowing to the southeast, which they believed to be the Red-river, and consequently within the limits of Louisiana. They had now exchanged the inhospitable mountain-track, covered with perpetual snow, for a more kindly region, and had begun to recover their fatigue; when the arrival of a Spanish hunting party apprized them that they had gone beyond the frontier, and were on the banks of the Rio del Norte in New Mexico. Mr. Pike, finding his mistake, consented to accompany the Spaniards to Santa Fé, the residence of the governor, and to render an account of the object of his expedition. Santa Fé is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, built in the wretched style which may naturally be expected in so remote a region. Poor, however, as were its inhabitants, the appearance of the American travellers was not such as to excite their respect. Mr. P. observes:

"When we presented ourselves at Santa Fé, I was dressed in a pair of blue trowsers, mockinsons, blanket coat, and a red cap, made of scarlet cloth, lined with fox skins; and my poor fellows in leggings, breech cloths, and leather coats; and not a hat in the whole party. This appearance was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as

soldiers; and although some of the officers used frequently to observe to me, "that worth made the man," with a variety of adages to the same amount, yet the first impression made on the ignorant is hard to eradicate; and a greater proof cannot be given of the ignorance of the common people, than their asking if we lived in houses, or in camps like the Indians; or if we wore hats in our country. These observations are sufficient to show the impression our savage appearance made among them."

The governor of Santa Fé, declining to pass a decision on Mr. Pike's conduct, sent him and his attendants forward to the general of the province, whose station was at the town of Chihuahua, situated a great way to the south. The general chose to retain the chief part of Mr. Pike's papers, under the impression of their containing information relative to the Spanish territory; but Mr. P. was enabled to preserve a proportion of them by secreting them about the persons and even in the guns of his soldiers. His journey through the Spanish territory was of extraordinary length; but the season had now become more favourable, and he met with tolerable accommodation at the houses of the Spanish priests. On one occasion, he had a remarkable instance of the zeal of these ecclesiastics in making converts:

"*7th March.*—Marched at nine o'clock through a country better cultivated and inhabited than any I had yet seen. Arrived at Albuquerque, a village on the eastern side of the Rio del Norte. We were received by father Ambrosio Guerra in a very flattering manner, and led into his hall, from thence, after taking some refreshment, into an inner apartment, where he ordered his adopted children of the female sex to appear, when they came in by turns. They were Indians of various nations—Spanish, French, and finally, two young girls who, from their complexion, I conceived to be English: on perceiving I noticed them, he ordered the rest to retire, many of whom were beautiful, and directed these two to sit down on the sofa beside me. Thus situated, he told me that they had been taken to the east by the Ietans, passed from one nation to the other until he purchased them, (at that time infants,) but they could recollect neither names nor language. Concluding they were my countrywomen, he ordered them to embrace me as a mark of their friendship, to which they appeared nothing loth. We then sat down to dinner, which consisted of various dishes, excellent wines, and, to crown all, we were waited upon by half a dozen of those beautiful girls, who, like Hebe at the feast of the gods, converted our wine into nectar, and with their ambrosial breath shed incense on our cups. After the cloth was removed, the priest beckoned to me to follow him, and led me into his sanctum sanctorum, where he had the rich and majestic images of various saints, and in the midst the crucified Jesus, crowned with thorns, but with rich rays of golden glory surrounding his head. The room being hung with black silk curtains, served to augment the gloom and majesty of the scene. When he

conceived my imagination sufficiently wrought up, he put on a black gown and mitre, kneeled before the cross, took hold of my hand, and endeavoured gently to pull me down beside him: on my refusal, he prayed fervently for a few minutes, and then rose, laid his hands on my shoulders, and as I conceived blessed me; he then said to me, "You will not be a christian. O, what a pity! O, what a pity!" He then threw off his robes, took me by the hand, led me out to the company, smiling; but the scene I had gone through made too serious an impression on my mind to be eradicated, until we took our departure an hour after, having received great marks of favour from the Father."

In our reports of Mr. Humboldt's work, we entered so fully into the general features of the Spanish territory in Mexico, as to render it unnecessary to dwell on the more limited details of Mr. Pike. Notwithstanding a prohibition from the Spaniards, he found means to note, every evening, the observations of the day: but his remarks, when they are not founded on subsequent reading, are necessarily confined to the result of personal observation. We pass over accordingly his local descriptions, (pp. 265. 334, &c.) and even his more explicit report (p. 377.) of the military force of Mexico, since recent events must have greatly altered the nature of its composition. It may, however, be instructive to our readers to learn some particulars of the method of deriving advantage from the immense herds of horses which run wild in the Mexican empire, particularly in the province of Texas:

"I observed on the prairie a herd of horses; when within about a quarter of a mile, they discovered us, and immediately approached, making the earth tremble under them; they brought to my recollection a charge of cavalry. They stopped and gave us an opportunity to view them. Amongst them there were some very beautiful bays, blacks, and grays, and indeed of all colours. We fired at a black horse with an idea of creasing him, but did not succeed: they flourished round, and returned again to view us. We then returned to camp. In the morning, for the purpose of trying the experiment, we equipped six of our fleetest coursers with riders, and ropes to noose the wild horses, if in our power to come amongst the herd. They stood until we approached within forty yards, neighing and whinnying, when the chase began, which we continued two miles without success. Two of our horses ran up with them, but we could not take them. Returned to camp. I have since laughed at our folly for endeavouring to take the wild horses in that manner, which is scarcely ever attempted even with the fleetest animals and most expert ropers."—

"The method pursued by the Spaniards in taking them is as follows: they take a few fleet horses and proceed into the country where the wild animals are numerous; they build a large enclosure, with a door which enters into a smaller enclosure: from the entrance of the large pen they project wings out into the prairie to a great distance, and then set up bushes, &c. to induce the horses when pursued to enter within

these wings. After these preparations are made, they keep a look out for a small drove; for if they unfortunately should start too large a one, they either burst open the pen or fill it up with the dead bodies, and the remainder run over them and escape; in which case the party is obliged to leave the place, as the stench arising from the putrid carcasses would be insupportable, and in addition to this, the pen would not receive others. But should they succeed in driving in a few, say two or three hundred, they select the handsomest and youngest, noose them, and take them into the small enclosure, then turn out the others. After which, by starving, preventing them from taking any repose, and continually keeping them in motion, they subdue them by degrees, and finally break them to submit to the saddle and bridle."

The author is of opinion that the inhospitable ridge of mountains, which bounded his journey to the west, is the highest ground of this part of the continent. The Arkansaw being navigable by proper boats till within two hundred miles of its source, the extent of land carriage, on merchandise destined for the waters flowing westward across the continent to the Gulf of California, would not (p. 223.) much exceed that distance. Naturalists have been at a great loss to account for the want of timber along vast tracts of country lying between the Mississippi and the western ocean: but it seems highly probable that these regions never were wooded, the soil being in general too sandy to retain moisture. Nor are the rivers of considerable magnitude, except in winter, the ground in many parts being dried and parched during the warm season, and presenting a surface of sand rolling like an African desert in all the fanciful forms of the waves of the sea. One good consequence, however, may arise from the barren nature of these solitudes;—we mean, a stoppage to the endless wanderings of the frontier-settlers of the United States. Hitherto, one new province after another has been traversed, with as much impatience as if no part of the settled country afforded the means of acquiring a comfortable livelihood. If this rage for rambling cannot be relinquished, let its votaries at least pay attention to the cautions which are necessary in taking up their abode in an uncleared country.

"In a country covered with timber, the new emigrants are generally sickly, which may very justly be attributed to the putrescent vegetable matter which they put into fermentation in clearing; and by remaining on the ground, inhaling all the air which arises from the effluvia, intermittents supervene, and bilious attacks, and in some instances malignant fevers. These remarks are proved by the observation of all the first settlers of our western frontiers, that those places which in the course of ten or fifteen years become perfectly healthy, are for the first two or three years quite the reverse, and generally cost them the loss of two or three members of their families. I pre-

sume that this dreadful effect might be remedied if the settlers would go with the working hands and fell the timber and destroy the vegetation in the spring, and in the fall when dry burn it, but not reside on the place for at least the first two years, in the course of which time the atmosphere would by these means not be affected by the morbid exhalations arising from the before-mentioned causes; and the place would be as healthy a residence as any other in the same climate."

We conclude our extracts by a summary of the Indian tribes inhabiting that part of Louisiana which was traversed in Mr. Pike's second journey:

Abstract of Indian Nations.

Names of Nations.	No. of Warriors.	No. of Women.	No. of Children.	No. of Villages.	Probable No. of Souls.
Osage - -	1,252	1,793	74	3	4,019
Kansas - -	465	500	600	1	1,565
Pawnees - -	1,993	2,170	2,060	3	6,223
Ietans - -	2,700	3,000	2,500		8,200
Total -	6,410	7,463	6,134	7	20,007

The degree of correctness with which these journals appear is, in some measure, owing to the care of the editor on this side of the water, Mr. Thomas Rees; the extent of whose interference is explained in an advertisement prefixed to the book, and exemplified in several amendments inserted (see p. 248, &c.) in the shape of notes. He might, however, have carried his editorial labours somewhat farther, and have corrected numerous negligences of style, such for example as (p. 256.) "the party *hove* in sight;" (p. 272.) "the old veteran;" and the stranger error still of calling a Spanish adjutant (p. 322.) "old and veteran." In general, however, though inelegant and even inaccurate, the language is suited to the plain character of the narrative. Mr. Pike is no dealer in superfluous description; nor does he expand his relation by a tedious accumulation of subordinate particulars. His attempts at general observations are less successful, and he was deficient in knowledge and compass of reflection; though he is nowise liable, even in passages ungracious to a British eye, (as pp. 387. 389.) to the charge of intentional partiality. It is with too much truth that he laments (p. 389.) the unfavourable impression towards England, that was excited among the Spaniards of Paraguay by the rapacity of Sir Home Popham,—Mr. Pike is evidently a man of warm

feelings, but at the same time not a little ambitious of showing them. In speaking of the young Indians who consented to accompany him from the source of the Mississippi to the American headquarters, he adds; "I determined that it should be my care never to make them regret the noble confidence placed in me, for I would have protected their lives with my own. I gave my new soldiers a dance and a dram; they attempted to get more liquor, but a firm and peremptory denial convinced them I was not to be trifled with." Again, on receiving a message from two of his unfortunate attendants, who, from inability to march, had been unavoidably left behind for a time in the dreary region near the sources of the Arkansaw, he says:

"They sent on to me some of the bones taken out of their feet, and conjured me by all that was sacred not to leave them to perish far from the civilized world. O! little did they know my heart, if they could suspect me of conduct so ungenerous! No, before they should be left, I would for months have carried the end of a litter, in order to secure them the happiness of once more seeing their native homes, and being received in the bosom of a grateful country."

The zeal and perseverance of this enterprising party received (see prefatory papers, pp. 11, 12, 16.) the cordial approbation of the American government; and Mr. Pike, from a lieutenantcy, was promoted first to the rank of captain, and next to that of major.—As a topographical survey, his book is highly useful on the double ground of accuracy and perspicuity: but it can scarcely be accounted an amusing production, or interesting to those readers who are perpetually on the search for the pathetic and the marvellous.

The Queen's Wake: A Legendary Poem. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 8vo. Pp. 353.

[From the Scottish Review.]

THE *Queen's Wake* is the work of a person whose humble situation in life, and almost total want of education, render it a very extraordinary production. It is nothing new, in these days, to hear of shepherds and ploughmen writing poetry; but since Burns departed the scene, and Bloomfield has survived his original celebrity, it is rare enough to meet with a shepherd who can write in so elevated and polished a style as the work before us displays. The efforts of this new candidate for fame are the more deserving of our favourable consideration, that he does not, like many of

the same class, rest his claims to esteem upon any thing so vague and foolish as heaven-taught knowledge, or a natural inspiration; but comes before us upon the broad and rational ground of great perseverance and long practice. He is not one of those who have been suddenly quickened into life, and who usually sink as suddenly into oblivion. He presents the curious spectacle of a person who began to write almost as soon as he could read—who risked and sullied his fame by publishing long before his productions were fit for appearing before the public;—but who has had confidence enough in his own powers to uphold him against much discouragement, until he has at length reached to a degree of excellence which shows the folly of all calculation with regard to the progress of genius, and cannot fail to secure him a high and lasting place in the esteem of the world.

From some letters which were prefixed to a previous publication of Mr. Hogg's, entitled "The Mountain Bard," it appears that he held the humble occupation of a shepherd, in the forest of Ettrick, until within these few years, when the hope of gaining renown by his poetical talents drew him from his obscurity to the more genial sphere of the Scottish metropolis. His progenitors, too, were all shepherds of the country, and none of them appears to have ever risen higher than the situation of tenant. In their own circle, however, the Hoggs were a people of rather more than ordinary note. There is an old song of their exploits which bears this honourable mention of their prowess:

" And the rough Hoggs of Fauldshope,
That wear both wool and hair;
There's nae sic Hoggs as Fauldshope's
In all St. Boswell's fair.

* * * * *

But the hardy Hoggs of Fauldshope,
For courage, blood, and bane,
For the wild boar of Fauldshope,
Like him was never nane."

The poet is the second son of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, whom Walter Scott has made known to the world as the source of many of those traditionary ballads which enrich the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." His father, like himself, was bred to the occupation of a shepherd, and served in that capacity until his marriage; when, having saved some money, he took a lease of the farms of Ettrick-house and Ettrick-Hall. In this undertaking he prospered well for several years, when a sudden fall in the market, and the failure of a person to whom he had sold the greater part of his stock, completely ruined him; he lost

his farm, and was reduced to his primitive situation of a shepherd to the flocks of another.

His son James, who was now about six years of age, had been but a short time at school, and this unfortunate event put a premature stop to his education. At the next Whitsunday after, he was hired to a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd cows, and in this menial situation he continued constantly till he was fifteen years of age. "There is one circumstance," he says very archly, "which has led some to imagine that my abilities as a servant had not been very exquisite—namely, that when I was fifteen years of age, I had served a dozen of masters." We should rather say, that it is the characteristic of genius to be restless, reluctant under servitude, and prone to change. It is a luxury to the slave to have even the liberty of changing his fetters. "During all this period," he says, "I neither read nor wrote, nor had I access to any books save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day." "When fourteen years of age, I saved five shillings of my wages, with which I bought an old violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day; but when I was not over fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in rubbing over my favourite old Scottish tunes."

From the occupation of herding cows, he was at length elevated to "the more honourable one" of tending sheep. In this situation, his opportunities of acquiring information gradually extended, and were embraced with avidity. In his eighteenth year he obtained a perusal of the *Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, a metrical and fabulous work by Henry the Minstrel, and the *Gentle Shepherd*. But so little taste for poetry had the author as yet evinced, that he tells us, "though immoderately fond of them, he could not help regretting deeply that they were not *in prose*;" or at least "in the same kind of metre with the psalms, when he could have borne with them." At Whitsunday, 1790, being then in the nineteenth year of his age, he engaged as a shepherd with Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse; and to the penetration and liberality of this gentleman Hogg is perhaps entirely indebted for the progress he has made, and the public for one of the most poetical geniuses of the present day. Mr. Laidlaw possessed a good library, and being attracted by the inquisitive and thoughtful disposition of his young shepherd, gave him free access to a valuable store of information. "No sooner," says Hogg, "did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write." Such impatience to try his own strength indicated undoubtedly as much vanity as capacity; but had Hogg never begun to write till he was satisfied he could write well, he would, in

all likelihood, never have written at all, nor ever sought after those qualifications which were to enable him to write as he has done. His first effort in writing was poetical—an epistle to a friend, which he frankly owns was a piece of most fulsome flattery, and mostly composed of borrowed lines from Dryden's *Virgil* and Harvey's *Life of Bruce*. He soon, however, redeemed himself, in his own estimation, by "An Address to the Duke of Buccleuch, in behalf o' mysel an' ither poor fo'k," which he assures us was "really his own;" and ever since he has continued writing, as subjects presented themselves to his mind.

Mr. Laidlaw was the only person who, for many years, pretended to discover the least merit in the author's productions; he could never make a proselyte to his opinion, of any note, except one, who, in a short time, says Hogg, apostatized; but at length some of his pieces having been shown to the celebrated poet of the Border, that very adequate judge was as much struck as Mr. Laidlaw with the genius of the author, and entered, with equal earnestness, into the promotion of his literary views.

"Blest be his generous heart for ay;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way, with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy.
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung."

The sequel of Mr. Scott's patronage is not so pleasing; but we must not mar the 'vantage ground of our story, by touching upon jealousies which no man would wish to believe, and all must alike regret to see exposed to the public eye.

As yet Hogg had published nothing, although he had written much. The history of his first appearance before the public, which we shall give in his own words, is singular enough.

"Having attended the Edinburgh market on Monday with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to sell them all, I put them into a park till the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and have them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than I put it in practice; when I was obliged to select not the best, but those that I remembered best. I wrote as many as I could during my short stay, and gave them to a man to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned into the forest, and saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon; and the only me-

tive that influenced me was the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But, on the first copy coming to my hand, my eyes were opened to the folly of my conduct. When I compared it with the MS. there were numbers of stanzas wanting, and others misplaced, whilst the typographical errors were without number."

Nothing, indeed, could be more ill advised and rash than this publication, and it was fortunate for the author's modesty, in after life, that it did not prove such a splendid blunder as he perhaps expected. It attracted little notice, and now that the subsequent fame of the author has made it known, scarcely deserves to be remembered.

In 1802, the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" came into his hands, and being struck with the successful use which Mr. Scott had made of a number of old songs and traditions, which were familiar in no place more than in the forest of Ettrick, he was induced to set about a similar imitation of the ancient poets himself; and, having chosen a number of the most popular traditional facts, proceeded to interweave them into poetry. The fruits of his labours were some time after published under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. The work had merit enough to make the author pretty generally known, but merit of such a description, that we are persuaded the character he acquired by it was not to his advantage. As imitations of the old ballad style, the poems in this collection were singularly like their models; had they resembled them less, their merit would have been greater. Mr. Scott had succeeded well in the same path, not from grasping indiscriminately at whatever bore the mark of time, and being critically minute in his descriptions, but by selecting from the storehouse of antiquity those materials only which had either something in themselves, or were the source of such associations as made them suitable to the more refined perception of modern readers, and especially by avoiding, in his images and descriptions, that coarseness of fancy which more or less distinguishes all our elder productions in the ballad style. The faults which Mr. Scott shunned from good taste, Mr. Hogg was led into by inclination. From his situation in life, and very defective education, or rather total want of education, a certain vulgarity of conception was necessarily entailed upon him; and, with such a predisposition to be vulgar, it is not difficult to perceive that, in imitating models which were sufficiently vulgar in themselves, he might be betrayed into a general grossness of effect, much greater than if he had either followed his own taste exclusively, or merely copied the coarseness of his prototypes. Yet these reasons, however satisfactory they may now appear, were too much below the surface to be discerned by the public; and while, accordingly, the praise of genius was very universally allowed him, an impression seems to have gone

abroad that he possessed a degree of constitutional vulgarity which would prevent him from ever rising to eminence. The few years which have since elapsed have enabled the author to bring forward a most signal proof of the false grounds on which this estimate of his character had been formed. In the whole range of literature, we do not know that there is another example of such great and rapid progress to excellence. No person, we will venture to say, who has formed his opinion of the Ettrick shepherd from "The Mountain Bard," can have the faintest anticipation of the treasure he is to meet with in "The Queen's Wake." Instead of that vulgarity which once so justly gave offence, he will meet with a delicacy of sentiment and expression which would do honour to the most skilful master in the art of numbers; that imagination which seemed shackled down by local habits, he will behold soaring into the furthest regions of human thought; and, throughout the whole, he will perceive the most indubitable marks of a great, original, and truly poetic mind.

The plan of "The Queen's Wake" is not altogether new, but it is so well engrafted on a popular historical event, and illustrated by local circumstances, as to have all the value of originality. It is the same, in effect, with the plans adopted by Chaucer, Boccaccio, and most other collectors of tales, for the purpose of giving connexion to a number of separate and distinct pieces by a sort of dramatic unity in the narration; but it is superior to any of them in the detail of expedients by which that effect is produced. A company of pilgrims travelling to St. Becket's shrine, and each telling his tale to beguile the dreariness of the way; or a lover flying with his mistress into the country to escape a plague which raged in the city, and enlivening their solitude with amatory songs and stories; or even a fair damsel compelled to tell a new tale every night to save herself from the scimitar of the executioner; are all inferior incidents to a royal wake, when the whole poets of a country, celebrated for its genius, are assembled in the presence of their queen and her court, and dispute for a prize to be given him who shall excel in legendary story. These are simply ingenious—this is important. The former interest us no further than as they give a degree of ease and connexion to the narrative; the latter excites an interest which attends us in every step—is interwoven with the stories themselves, and gives a unity of action to the whole. The scimitar which is suspended over the fair Arabian loses all its terrors when we witness the inexhaustible richness of her invention; but the royal harp, held forth as the prize to the Scottish bards, is an object on which our eyes are constantly and anxiously set, and which leads us to take a lively share in the hopes and fears of the different competitors. The idea of a poetical competition is, to be sure, old enough, for something of this

kind has prevailed in almost every nation which has reached to any degree of civilization—from the Greeks, who strove at the Olympic games, to our own ancestors, whose halls and palaces were wont to resound with the strains of rival minstrelsy; nor is its application to the present purpose altogether original, though undoubtedly well imagined. There is one production, the *Moallahat* of the Arabians, with which the English public are acquainted through the excellent translation of Sir William Jones, that bears a pretty near resemblance to it both in circumstance and design. At the annual fair of Ocadh in Arabia, a prize was long in use to be disputed by the principal bards of the nation, and a degree of ambition was thus excited among the different tribes of producing the best poet, which served to cherish and maintain that taste for works of fancy for which the Arabians have been so celebrated in after ages. The best of these productions, it is said, have been lost, and the *Moallahat* is a collection of all that are still extant.

The history of “The Queen’s Wake” is nearly the same. The celebrated and unfortunate Queen Mary has just arrived from France to take possession of the throne of her native kingdom, and, while on her road to the palace of Holyrood, a number of minstrels from all quarters pour forth their rejoicings on the welcome occasion.

——“ ’Twas the notes of Scottish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng;
So mellowed came the distant swell,
That on her ravished ear it fell,
Like dew of heaven at evening close,
On forest, flower, or woodland rose;
For Mary’s heart, to nature true,
The powers of song and music knew;
But all the choral measures bland
Of anthems sung in southern land
Appeared a useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by,
Her simple native melody.”

Mary is so much delighted with the music, that she issues a proclamation for a royal wake to be held at the palace of Holyrood on Easter week, at which all the poets of the land are commanded to attend to assist with their minstrelsy, and a suitable prize is promised to the one who shall be most approved. This incident is not altogether imaginary, for we find Knox in his History mentions, that “fyres of joy were set furth at night, and a companie of maist honest men, with instruments of music, gave

ther salutation at hir chalmer windo ; the melodie, as sche alledged, lyked her weill, and sche willed the sam to be continued sum nights eftir, with grit dilligence." The preparations for this trial of skill are told in a strain of great poetical feeling, and well calculated to engage the favour of the reader.

" Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild ;
Of sheeted ghost that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt from man concealed ;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Of dead lights glimmering through the night ;
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again."

The time of the festival being arrived,

—" Then was seen from every vale,
Through drifting snows and rattling hail,
Each Caledonian minstrel true,
Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue,
With harp across his shoulders flung,
And music murmuring round his tongue,
Forcing his way, in raptures high,
To Holyrood his skill to try.
Ah ! when at home the songs they raised,
When gaping rustics stood and gazed,
Each bard believed, with ready will,
Unmatched his song, unmatched his skill ;
But when the royal halls appeared,
Each aspect changed, each bosom feared ;
And, when in court of Holyrood,
Filed harps and bards around him stood ;
His eyes emitted cheerless ray,
His hope, his spirit, sunk away.
There stood the minstrel, but his mind
Seemed left in native glen behind."

The expedient which the poet adopts to revive their drooping spirits is extremely characteristic ; the queen appoints them to be entertained in the palace ; and, that our readers may know what sort of thing a feast of poets is, we shall quote the author's description.

" The wine was served, and sooth to say,
Insensibly it stole away ;

Thrice did they drain th' allotted store,
 And wondering skinkers dun for more;
 Which vanished swifter than the first—
 Little weened they the poet's thirst.
 Still as that ruddy juice they drained,
 The eyes were cleared, the speech regained,
 And latent sparks of fancy glow'd,
 Till one abundant torrent flow'd
 Of wit, of humour, social glee,
 Wild music, mirth, and revelry."

The competition then commences, and is continued during three successive nights, during which it is said that thirty bards appeared, though only twelve of the pieces recited are preserved.

"Alas! these lays of fire once more
 Are wrecked mid heaps of mouldering lore!
 And feeble he who dares presume
 That heavenly wake light to relume;
 But grieved the legendary lay
 Should perish from our land for ay,
 While sings the lark above the wold,
 And all his flocks rest in the fold,
 Fondly he strikes beside the pen,
 The harp of Yarrow's braken glen."

Each bard having sung his song, the determination of the prize is left to the majority of the court; but the author, in order to avoid showing a preference to any of the pieces contained in the volume, which is more especially proper, as, by a very pardonable anachronism, the Ettrick shepherd is himself one of the competitors, makes the queen appoint the three who have the greatest number of suffrages to make a second and definitive trial of their skill; when the prize is carried off by a tale which forms no part of the collection, and has been already long in possession of the public. The conclusion of the contest is thus elegantly told:

"The song that tuneful Gardyn sung
 Is still admired by old and young,
 And long shall be at evening fold,
 While songs are sung or tales are told.
 Of stolen delights began the song,
 Of love the Carran woods among,
 Of lady borne from Carron side
 To Barnard towers and halls of pride,
 And ended with Gilmorice' doom
 Cut off in manhood's early bloom.
 Soft rung the closing notes and slow,
 And every heart was steeped in wo."

" 'The harp of Ettrick rung again,
Her bard, intent on fairy strain,
And fairy freak by moonlight shaw,
Sung young Tam Lean of Caterha'.

" Queen Mary's harp on high that hung,
And every tone responsive rung,
With gems and gold that dazzling shone,
That harp is to the Highlands gone.
Gardyn is crowned with garlands gay,
And bears the envied prize away.
Long, long that harp the hills among
Resounded Ossian's mounting song;
Waked slumbering lyres from every tree
Adown the banks of Down and Dee,
At length was borne, by beauteous bride,
To woo the airs on Garry side.

" When full two hundred years had fled,
And all the northern bards were dead,
That costly harp, of wondrous mould,
Defaced of all its gems and gold,
With that which Gardyn erst did play,
Back to Dunedin found its way."

The historical allusion in the concluding lines imparts a fine glow of reality to the fable. The author informs us in a note, upon the authority of Gunn in his book on the harp, that "Queen Mary's harp, of most curious workmanship, was found in the house of Lude, on the banks of the Garry in Athol, as was the old Caledonian harp. They were both brought to that house by a bride which the chieftain of Lude married from the family of Gardyn of Banchory, (now Garden of Troup.) It was defaced of all its gems, and Queen Mary's portrait set in gold, during the last rebellion."

It now behoves us to say something of the poems themselves; and, in doing so, it shall rather be our object to gather from them some general estimate of the author's powers, than to enter into their separate and individual merits. The diversity of talent displayed is indeed so great, that no example we could select could afford an adequate notion of the plan or execution of the rest. The broadest humour, and the most touching pathos, the simple and the wonderful, every variety of dialect and of measure, are alike the favourites of his pencil. His success in each is not, indeed, nearly equal, and he is perhaps least successful where he evinces the greatest effort. From the prevailing tone of the work, it is easy to perceive that the author's chief ambition is to astonish his readers by the boldness and grandeur of his conceptions; but, as far as our feelings and judgment dictate for us, we should be inclined to say, that he is most astonishing when he is most sim-

ple and most at ease. It is in his struggles to ascend that we meet most frequently with instances of bad taste and vulgar execution; and, while recreating in the "greenwood shaw," or on "flowery lea," that he has poured forth his choicest, and, we will venture to say, most popular measures. The grace which charms us here, consists in a rich mixture of imagery and sentiment, not unfrequently aspiring to the lofty, but always rising naturally, and managed with great skill—in language simple and chaste—and in an enthusiasm of manner which gives a glow of inspiration to the whole. It is true, that in consequence of the mistaken ambition of the author, there is no single piece which can be pointed out as altogether of this character; but there is not wanting abundance of detached instances to prove the justice of the preference we have given. Such is the beautiful *prosopopœia* with which the poem commences:

"Now burst, ye winter clouds that lower,
 Fling from your folds the piercing shower;
 Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
 Ye cold winds of adversity;
 Your blights, your chilling influence shed,
 On wareless heart, on houseless head;
 Your ruth or fury I disdain,
 I've found my mountain lyre again.

"Come to my heart, my only stay!
 Companion of a happier day!
 Thou gift of Heaven! thou pledge of good!
 Harp of the mountain and the wood!
 I little thought, when first I tried
 Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side;
 When in a deep untrodden glen,
 I found thee in the braken glen,
 I little thought that idle toy
 Should e'er become my only joy!

"A maiden's youthful smiles had wove
 Around my heart the toils of love,
 When first thy magic wires I rung,
 And on the breeze thy numbers flung.
 The fervid tear played in mine eye;
 I trembled, wept, and wondered why.
 Sweet was the thrilling ecstasy;
 I know not if 'twas love or thee."

The same touching strain recurs at the close of the second ballad, when the author is musing over the fate of the bards whose names are lost, while their songs are treasured in the esteem of the world.

"Yet have I weened, when these I sung
 On Ettrick banks, while mind was young;

When on the eve their strains I threw,
 And youths and maidens round me drew;
 Or chanted in the lonely glen,
 Far from the haunts and eyes of men:
 Yes, I have weened, with fondest sigh,
 The spirit of the bard was nigh;
 Swung by the breeze on braken pile,
 Or hovering o'er me with a smile.
 Would fancy still her dreams combine,
 That spirit, too, might breathe on mine;
 Well pleased to see her songs the joy
 Of that poor lonely shepherd boy."

In the story of "Old David," we have several examples of a still richer vein. The following description of evening, besides being wonderfully appropriate to a tale of fairy deeds, is not perhaps exceeded by any similar description in the English language for strength and vividness of colouring.

"That evening fell so sweetly still,
 So mild on lonely moor and hill,
 The little genii of the fell
 Forsook the purple heather bell,
 And all their dripping beds of dew,
 In wind-flower, thyme, and violet blue;
 Aloft their viewless looms they heave,
 And dew-webs round the helmets weave.
 The waning moon her lustre threw
 Pale round her throne of softened blue;
 Her circuit round the southland sky
 Was languid, low, and quickly by;
 Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,
 And cradled on the golden air;
 Modest and pale as maiden bride,
 She sunk upon the trembling tide."

The author evinces here, as well as in a great many of his other descriptions, the mind and eye of a poet of the first order. At the same time that the drawing is true to nature, the selection and grouping of the objects are executed with the nicest discrimination, and breathe all the animation of the most glowing fancy. To the example we have now given, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of adding the following beautiful sketches.

"The boat across the tide flew fast,
 And left a silver curve behind;
 Loud sung the sailor from the mast,
 Spreading his sails before the wind."

The stately ship, adown the bay,
 A corslet framed of heaving snow,
 And flurred on high the slender spray,
 Till rainbows gleamed around her prow." P. 39.

"The day-beam, from his moonlight sleep,
 O'er Queensberry began to peep;
 Kneeled drowsy on the mountain fern,
 At length rose tiptoe on the cairn,
 Embracing, in his besom pale,
 The stars, the moon, and shadowy dale." P. 265.

The quotations which we have now given will show sufficiently that style of writing, in which, we think, the author is most generally successful; but, at the same time, we are far from meaning to imply, that, even in his bolder flights, he is not sometimes equally great and attractive. The ballads entitled "Kilmeny," and "The Witch of Fife," are not only astonishing for great stretch and fertility of fancy, but are managed with a degree of judgment and self-possession, which, saving one or two extravagancies, is quite unexceptionable. We regret that two ballads, which are perhaps the best in the volume, are presented to us in a form so antique, that we cannot venture upon so many excerpts as we could wish, without detaining the reader longer than he might be patiently inclined, to unravel their obscure orthography. One passage only we shall risk quoting; and, in order to prepare the reader for a due appreciation of its merit, we have only to request he will keep in view, that it is part of a burlesque description of the excursion of a troop of wizards from Kilmerrin kirk to Lapland, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of witchcraft.

"The first leet-night, quhan the new moon set,
 Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
 We saddled our naigis wi the moon-feru leif,
 And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

Some horses ware of the brume-cow framat,
 And some of the greine bay tree;
 But mine was made o' ane humloke schaw,
 And a stout stallion was he."

"And ay wi raide, and se merrily we raide,
 Throw the merkist gloffis of the night;
 And we swam the floode, and we darnit the woode,
 Till we cam to the Lommond height."

"The second nychte, quhan the new moon set,
 O'er the roaryng sea we flew;
 The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
 Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

And the bauld windis blew, and the fire flaughtis flew,
 And the sea ran to the skie;
 And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
 And we gaed scouryng bye.

And ay we mountit the sea-green hillis,
 Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin;
 Than sousit downright like the stern shot light,
 Fray the listis blue casement driven.

But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
 And se pang was our pearly prow;
 Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
 We needilit them throu belowe.

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
 As fast as the midnycht leme,
 We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
 Or fluffit i' the floatyng faem.

And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
 We muntyd our steadis of the wynd,
 And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
 And we left the shouir behynde.

Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
 And swift is the couryng grew;
 The reindeir dun can eithly run,
 Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

But nowther the roe, nor the reindeir dun,
 The hinde nor the couryng grew,
 Culde fly ovr muntaine, muir, and dale,
 As ovr braw steedis they flew.

The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
 And we rase to the skyis ee-bree;
 Qubite, quhite was our rode, that was never trode,
 Ovr the snaws of eternity!

And quhan we cam to the Lapland lone
 The fairies war all in array;
 For all the genii of the north
 War keepyng their holeday."

The catastrophe of the ballad of "Macgregor," which is founded upon a vow the chieftain of the Macgregors had made to meet a certain spirit at nightfall by the brook of Glengyle, deserves also to be quoted, as an example, in a purer style, of the author's powers in describing the grand and awful.

“ All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill;
 Young Malcolm at distance, couched, trembling the while—
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glengyle.
 Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
 A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem.”

“ Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
 Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
 Fled panting away over river and isle,
 Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glengyle.”

“ Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain;
 She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
 Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

“ Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
 Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
 ‘ Macgregor ! Macgregor ! ’ he bitterly cried;
 ‘ Macgregor ! Macgregor ! ’ the echoes replied.
 He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
 But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away;
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and ay ! ”

In this extract we have purposely omitted the description of the lady's light-sailing skiff; for, after Shakspeare's inimitable picture of Queen Mab, we doubt much if there is any originality, and we are convinced there is abundant extravagance, in telling us that

“ Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,” &c.

We have as yet said nothing of the incidents of the different tales, or the manner in which they are managed, which, in a collection of this kind, are undoubtedly circumstances of no inferior

consequence. The author's success in these respects is not perhaps so great as in others. In judging here, the criterion by which all men will be directed is the degree of interest which the tales excite; and it cannot be said that the interest is in general extremely great. We are perfectly satisfied, however, that whatever deficiency exists in this respect, does not arise from any want of capacity, but from a misapprehension of the proper means, and a want of experience in the various ways of affecting the heart; for the volume before us is not wanting in instances of most interesting and pathetic narrative. The ballad of *Mary Scott* is of itself sufficient to vindicate a place for the author among the most eminent and successful of ballad writers; the *Witch of Fife*, *Kilmeny*, and *M'Kinnon the Abbot*, must also be allowed to possess, independently of the poetry, no inconsiderable claims to attention. The primary error in the rest of the collection we conceive to be, that while the general conception of each tale is good, and frequently bold in the extreme, the limits the author has prescribed to himself are not at all adequate for following out that conception properly, and giving it due effect. All the stronger passions of the mind, more especially those of terror and pity, delight in the parade of circumstance; it smooths their way to the heart, while it increases their ultimate impression; it polishes the dart only that it may pierce the deeper. Scenes which, presented to the view, devoid of all embellishment and accompaniment, could excite nothing but disgust or incredulity, come to make a strong and durable impression, when our curiosity is excited by an ingenious complication of incidents, and our minds are charmed by picturesque description, and sublime or pathetic sentiment. The mere fact of a lover dying from excessive joy, upon being unexpectedly restored to the arms of his mistress, is too extravagant to be at once believed, or to excite any other emotions, were it actually authenticated, than surprise. We must be prepared to yield it credit by some knowledge of the parties, and the circumstances of their attachment; we must be strongly interested in their fate, before we can feel pity for their calamity. In the tale of *Malcolm of Lorn*, we meet with such a catastrophe without almost any adjunctive circumstances. An account of the parting of the lovers, and the return of the relenting fair, is all that we have to prepare us for the sudden death of Malcolm, whose faint-heartedness, after all, leaves the lady, who had come back on purpose to be married, in rather an unpoetical situation. Why is the ballad of *Mary Scott* so interesting beyond all the rest?—Chiefly on account of the rapid succession of incident—the suspense which hangs over the fate of the hero and heroine—and the artful transition in the close from the profoundest sorrow to the most rapturous pleasure. This ballad is of course a great deal longer than any of the rest;

but we should have been well content that the volume had contained fewer ballads, if it could have been the means of giving us more in the style of Mary Scott. There is another circumstance which has assisted not a little to mar the interest of a number of the tales, even the best of them;—and it is the extreme degree of obscurity in which they are intentionally involved. The author has, no doubt, heard that obscurity is nearly akin to sublimity, and been taught, by good example, to catch only at the grander features of the event he describes; but one so deeply versed in legendary lore should have known, that to be simple, rather than obscure, is the most striking characteristic of the ancient ballad; and we must add, that, to be intelligible in the description, however careful in the selection of objects, is a rule founded on the justest principles, and applicable in all circumstances. In every case where it is the object of a writer to interest and affect his readers, the more distinctly they can comprehend those things by which they are to be affected—or, to speak with greater precision, the more distinct the impression made upon them is, the better. That obscurity which is said to distinguish the sublime, consists more in the medium through which an object is viewed, than in the effect it produces. It is the clear obscure of painters—the twilight of vision rather than the twilight of the mind. It is admissible only when it aids the general purpose in view, as in cases of terror and wonder, and is an egregious fault when it obstructs or perplexes it. The system upon which the author of these tales proceeds in too many instances is in direct contradiction to these principles. Instead of the facts unfolding themselves naturally and distinctly, the reader is left to gather the story from a series of incoherent questions without answers, and emblematical signs without explanation. It is a style not much removed from the rude manner of the Indians, who, for want of language and of letters, convey their thoughts in hieroglyphical pictures altogether. We refer to the ballad of “Young Kennedy” as a sufficient example of this perverted mode of writing. It must be gratifying to the reader, however, to reflect that this is evidently not the author’s natural element. The author has only to follow the natural bent of his genius, and he will always write well. In simple pathos, we know of no writer who appears to possess so completely all the elements of that touching species of writing: Equalled he may be, but there is none of whom we have reason to hope so much.

Other faults—not a few—are undoubtedly to be found in the volume before us; but they are the errors of ignorance and simplicity, and demand indulgence fully as much as censure. With a wonderful exuberance of fancy, there is everywhere a sensible want of variety. The thoughts and images are all drawn from the visible world, and are not sufficiently mixed up with circumstances

of human life, or the acquisitions of human knowledge. There is more imagery than sentiment—more ornament than matter. The author has described the school of nature, in which he has been reared, with great truth and brilliancy, in the following lines :

“ The Bard on Ettrick's mountains green
 In nature's bosom nurs'd had been,
 And oft had mark'd in forest lone
 Her beauties on her mountain throne ;
 Had seen her deck the wild-wood tree,
 And star with snowy gems the lea :
 In loveliest colours paint the plain,
 And sow the moor with purple grain.
 By golden mead and mountain sheer,
 Had viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
 Where shadowy flocks of purest snow
 Seem'd grazing in a world below.
 Instead of ocean's billowy pride,
 Where monsters play, and navies ride,
 Oft had he view'd, as morning rose,
 The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
 Plough'd far by many a downy keel,
 Of wild duck and of vagrant teal.
 Oft thrill'd his heart at close of even,
 To see the dappled vales of Heaven,
 With many a mountain, moor and tree,
 Asleep upon the Saint Mary.
 The pilot swan majestic wind,
 With all his cygnet fleet behind,
 So softly sail, and swiftly row,
 With sable oar and silken prow.
 Instead of war's unhallowed form,
 His eye had seen the thunder storm
 Descend within the mountain's brim,
 And shroud him in its chambers grim.
 Then from its bowels burst amain
 The sheeted flame and sounding rain,
 And by the bolts in thunder borne,
 The Heaven's own breast and mountain torn.
 The wild roe from the forest driven ;
 The oaks of ages peel'd and riven ;
 Impending oceans whirl and boil,
 Convulsed by nature's grand turmoil.”

The redundancy of imagery to which we allude, has been greatly increased by that habit of comparison which is no less common to persons who have been bred in the solitude of nature, without much intercourse with men or books. One image is seldom sufficient to express or illustrate what they wish, and a multitude of

other images must be brought forward, all bearing different degrees of comparison—some being simply like to it, others a degree liker, and the last just the thing. Not unfrequently, too, these image hunters will get playful in their own way; for, after giving an indistinct anticipation of something important, in order to show their own fertility, and to try our curiosity a little, they will run over a long list of supposable circumstances, and very archly leave their readers to guess which of all these is the thing in question. Mr. Hogg is fully as culpable as any of his fraternity in this bantering manner of description. The following is one out of many passages, where it has betrayed him into very deliberate nonsense :

“ The abbot from his casement high
 Look'd out to see the peep of day ;
 The scene that met the abbot's eye
 Fill'd him with wonder and dismay.
 'Twas *not* the dews of dawning mild,
 The mountain's hues of silver gray ;
 Nor yet the Ettrick's windings wild,
 By belted holm and bosky brae ;
 Nor moorland Rankleburn, that rav'd
 By covert, clough, and greenwood shaw ;
 Nor dappled flag of day, that wav'd
 In streamers pale from Gilmans-law :
 But many a doubted ox there lay
 At rest upon the castle lea ;
 And there he saw his gallant gray,
 And all the steeds of Torwoodlee.”

Now, we must beg to remark, that it could never enter any man's head to suppose that it was “ the dews of dawning mild,” “ Ettrick's windings wild,” or any thing else in the negative part of the description, that filled the abbot with *dismay* ; and though it is no doubt extremely witty in the poet, it makes the abbot look very foolish to suppose that he could mistake the silver gray of the morning for his own gallant gray, or a bosky brae for a herd of oxen.

Like all other persons, too, not far advanced in information, the author is a great deal too much given to wonder and astonishment. If he wishes to acquire that mastery over the minds of his readers, which results from being convincing and pleasing at the same time, he must learn to curb that aspiring after the grand which pervades his poetry, and leads him too often into the wildest extravagance. A mountain disturbing the moon in passing by—a bee playing upon a bugle—an angel travelling on skaits—and a number of

other conceptions which we could enumerate, are mere caricatures upon nature.

There is one thing which must be allowed of the volume before us, and which can seldom be said of the production of a person so little favoured by education ;—it is free from vulgarity. Our astonishment, we confess, has been greatly excited by the delicacy of thought, and still greater delicacy of expression, which everywhere pervade it, and which are evidently more the dictates of the writer's own genius, brightened and matured by constant exercise, than the result of any knowledge which he can have acquired of the various models in either ancient or modern literature. The reader may be pleased to see an instance of the progress which the author has made from coarseness to refinement since the period of his last publication. The following is a description of a female in the style of *The Mountain Bard* :

“ An' Nelly was a bonny lass,
Fu' sweet and ruddy was her mou' ;
Her een war like twa *beads of glass*,
Her brow was white like *Cheviot woo*,
Her cheeks war bright as heather bells,
Her bosom like December snaw,
Her teeth as pure as *egg-shells*,
Her hair was like the hoody craw.”

How exquisitely different is the description of the heiress of Locherben, weeping over the body of her brother, who had fallen at the battle of Dumlanrig.

“ Is it a sprite that roams forlorn ?
Or angel from the bowers of morn,
Come down a tear of heaven to shed
In pity o'er the valiant dead ?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this !
No vision from the bowers of bliss !
Its radiant eye and stately tread
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid ;
No rose of Eden's bosom meek
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek ;
No drifted wreath of morning snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow ;
Nor gem of India's purest die,
The lustre of her eagle eye.

“ When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin ;
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.

But tears more soft were never shed,
 No, not when angels bowed the head;
 A sigh more mild did never breathe
 O'er human nature whelmed in death,
 Nor wo and dignity combine
 In face so lovely, so benign,
 As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
 Bent o'er a corpse on Cample moor—
 A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
 A brave, an only brother's dust."

It gives us real pleasure, upon the whole, to reflect, that of all we have stated as exceptionable in the author's poetry, there is nothing which may not in like manner be expected to give way to more enlarged views of human nature, and to a more cultivated taste in letters; and if the strictures which we have made shall be of any service in pointing out to the author the straight-onward way to excellence, criticism will then have performed its most pleasing, because its most useful, purpose. The author evidently possesses all the materials of a great poet, and a susceptibility of improvement adequate to the very highest efforts. Free from that extreme conceit which too often obstructs the way of self-taught geniuses, it is gratifying to see that no censure has ever had the effect of making him adhere with pertinacity to his errors, nor any praise induced him to relax in his exertions to do better. This is truly a noble quality, and one which leads us to anticipate every thing we could wish from his future labours. But let the reader not forget how much his hope and stay in these labours consist in the applause and support of the public; he has thrown himself upon its protection, and we trust that his merits, his difficulties, and the promise of his talents, will not fail to make their due impression. No man, we are persuaded, who has a right feeling for genius and worth, can read the following farewell address of the author to his native Ettrick without sympathizing in his regrets, and entertaining an earnest desire to brush away that melancholy which the uncertainty of his prospects seems so naturally to excite.

" O Ettrick! shelter of my youth!
 Thou sweetest glen of all the south!
 Thy fairy tales, and songs of yore,
 Shall never fire my bosom more.
 Thy winding glades, and mountains wild,
 The scenes that pleased me when a child,
 Each verdant vale, and flowery lea,
 Still in my midnight dreams I see;
 And waking oft, I sigh for thee.
 Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam
 A far from thee without a home,

Still there his glowing breast shall turn,
 Till thy green bosom fold his urn.
 Then, underneath thy mountain stone,
 Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown."

Unnoticed he shall not, as long as there is an honest chronicler left to record the exertions of humble and unassisted genius to raise itself from obscurity to a place in the volume of fame; and unknown he never can be, while a taste remains for genuine and unaffected sentiment—for bold and original thought—dressed in all the most witching charms of poetry.

The Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. Written by himself, in the Persian language. Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. M. A. S. Professor of Oriental Languages in the Hon. East-India Company's College, Herts. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 738.

[From the Monthly Review.]

ALTHOUGH we have long ago had various works under the title of Persian Spies, and other assumed Asiatic designations, the present is, we believe, the first authentic book of the kind. A tour in Europe, by an Orientalist, for the purpose of observing and reporting national manners, is so unexpected a novelty as to possess the strongest claim to the attention of the curious; and this claim acquires additional force when the traveller is found to be a man of considerable experience and knowledge of the world. Fortunately, this work was ushered into notice under circumstances which leave no doubt of its authenticity. The writer was personally known to thousands during his abode in London in 1800 and 1801; and however Professor Stewart may have improved the style and arrangement in translating the narrative, his character affords satisfactory security against any suspicion of interpolation. Under these circumstances, the Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb possess interest both on the ground of originality and on that of utility; and those of our readers, who have not had an opportunity of perusing the volumes, will probably receive with satisfaction the brief abstract which we shall now endeavour to give.

Abu Taleb, or, as he is here termed, Mirza Abu Taleb, was born at Lucknow, in 1752, of Persian parents, and was employed early in life as a district collector of revenue under the govern-

ment of Oude: but, in the progress of the dissensions in that country after the year 1780, he was left without protection from political enemies, and found it necessary to repair to Bengal. Here, notwithstanding the favourable disposition of Lord Cornwallis, Sir John Shore, (now Lord Teignmouth,) and others, he remained, year after year, without employment. His dependents, seeing no prospect of his getting into office, successively left him; and at last, in 1799, an English gentleman, his intimate friend, having invited him to accompany him to Europe, the dejected Persian accepted the offer, in the gloomy anticipation that in a "journey so long and replete with danger, some accident might occur to deliver him from the anxieties of the world and the ingratitude of mankind." Impatient to leave Calcutta, they embarked on board a Danish Indiaman; in which, besides obtaining only indifferent accommodation, they unfortunately had to deal with a selfish unprincipled captain. Their situation was not improved by having as a shipmate a "Mr. G——d, a very passionate and delicate gentleman," the *quondam* husband of Madame Talleyrand. Abu Taleb afterwards met this person at Paris, soliciting an official appointment through the lady's interest; a point which he actually carried, having received a nomination under the Dutch government at the Cape.

After a disagreeable passage, attended with considerable danger, the Danish ship anchored in False Bay at the Cape; and the passengers, disgusted both with the vessel and the captain, proceeded to Cape-town. Here Abu Taleb had the first opportunity of seeing a city built in the European style. He was highly pleased with it; and, though nowise partial to the character of the Dutch inhabitants, he found means to pass some time between town and country in a course of agreeable and useful observations. Taking his passage from the Cape to Europe on board a British vessel, he was enabled to see Saint Helena by the way, and arrived in the latitude of the English channel in the beginning of December, 1799.

In the case of a traveller to whom European sights and manners were so strange, it is of some importance to take notice of the first impressions. The Cove of Cork was the place at which Abu Taleb first set his foot on European ground; and the extent and circular form of the bay, the verdure of the hills, the appearance of the town on one side, and the neat houses and romantic cottages on the other, with the forts and the number of surrounding vessels, conveyed to his mind the most pleasing sensations. At Cork he was struck with the elegance of the shops, but disappointed by the low situation of the town, and the dirtiness of the streets; which last appearance, however, was owing, in a great measure, to the season of the year. On entering his hotel, he was

gratified with the commodious extent of the apartments and the prompt attention of the servants, which formed a complete contrast to the slowness of his countrymen. The regularity of the houses, and their height, but particularly the glass in the windows, were all objects of attention to an Asiatic traveller. The next occurrence was a visit to the country-house of a gentleman :

“ I was particularly pleased with his cook-room, it being the first regular kitchen I had seen : the dressers for holding china, the racks for depositing the dishes after they were washed, the pipes of cold and boilers of hot water, which, merely by turning a cock, were supplied in any quantity that could be required, with the machinery for roasting meat, which was turned with smoke, all excited my admiration.”

Aware of the multiplicity of servants required by our countrymen in India, Abu Taleb declares that his Irish friend lived as comfortably on his small property of a few hundreds a-year, as an English gentleman in India could do on an annual income of a lack of rupees. (12,500l.) He proves himself, throughout his journey, to be remarkably attentive to the ladies, and the first specimen of that disposition is given in his account of the nieces of this gentleman's family.

“ These ladies during dinner, honoured me with the most marked attention ; and as I had never before experienced so *much courtesy from beauties*, I was lost in admiration. After dinner these angels made tea for us ; and one of them having asked me if it was sweet enough, I replied, that, having been made by such hands, it could not but be sweet. On hearing this all the company laughed, and my fair one blushed like a rose of Damascus.”

When travelling from Cork to Dublin in the mail-coach, he was highly amused at the readiness with which the people of the inns, on hearing the sound of the horn, prepared the fresh horses, and avoided delay : but he was greatly mortified at the shortness of time allowed for meals on the road. He was remarkably delighted with the view, transient as it was, of Kilkenny, and employed the interval allowed to breakfast in catching a glance of the river, as well as of the gardens and orchards on the opposite side.

At Dublin, his attention was attracted by the regularity of the streets, the elegance of the houses and furniture, and particularly by the singular union of utility and ornament in our grates, or, as he terms them, “ the steel and brass machines for holding fire.” The shops of the jewellers and haberdashers, and the splendid appearance, at night, of long ranges of lighted lamps, formed in his eyes new and captivating objects. The beauty of the Phoenix-

park, and the delightful prospect in Dublin-bay, afforded him much gratification, and made him exclaim that he no longer wondered that our countrymen in India should consider that region merely as a temporary sojourn. In delineations of national character, we have seldom met with a more downright or explicit writer than Abu Taleb. Though very far from giving the Irish the praise of prudence and judgment, he pays a merited compliment to their attention to strangers; and he remarks that they understood his signs and broken English much better than their fellow-subjects on this side of the Channel:

“The Irish, by reason of their liberality and prodigality, seldom have it in their power to assist their friends in pecuniary matters: they are generally in straitened circumstances themselves, and therefore cannot, or do not, aim at the comforts and elegance of the English; neither do they take pains to acquire riches and honours like the Scotch, by limiting their expenses when in the receipt of good incomes, and paying attention to the Great. In consequence of this want of prudence they seldom attain to high dignities, and but few of them, comparatively, make much progress in science. Their great national defect, however, is excess in drinking. The rich expend a vast deal in wine; and the common people consume immense quantities of a fiery spirit called *whiskey*.”—

“The Irish *women* have not such elegance of manners, nor the handsome eyes and hair of the English; neither are they as tall nor so good figures as the Scotch; but they have much finer complexions, are warm in their affections, lively, and agreeable.

“For some time after my arrival in Dublin, I was greatly incommoded by the common people crowding round me, whenever I went out. They were all very curious to see me, but had no intention of offending me. Some said I must be the Russian general who had been for some time expected; others affirmed I was either a German or Spanish nobleman; but the greater part agreed that I was a Persian *prince*. One day, a great crowd having assembled about me, a shopkeeper advised me to walk into his house, and to sit down until they should disperse. I accepted his kind invitation, and went into the shop, where I amused myself by looking at some penknives, scissors, &c. The people, however, thronged so about his windows that several of the panes were broken; and the crowd being very great, it was in vain to ask who had done it.

“About a fortnight after my arrival, there fell a very heavy shower of snow. As I had never before seen any thing of the kind, I was much delighted by it. The roofs of the houses and tops of the walls were soon covered with it, and in two or three days the fields and mountains became a white surface, as far as the eye could reach. During the time it continued to snow, the cold was not very great; but when it ceased, notwithstanding I had all my doors and windows shut, and had three blankets on my bed, I felt the frost pierce through me like an arrow. The fire had scarce any effect on me; for while I

warmed one side I was frozen on the other; and I frequently burned my fingers before I was aware of the heat. At length I discovered that the best remedy was walking; and during the continuation of the frost I walked every day seven or eight miles. I was apprehensive that my health would have suffered from the severity of the climate; but, on the contrary, I had a keen appetite, and found myself every day get stronger and more active.

"I recollect that in India, when I only wore a single vest of Dacca muslin, if I walked a mile, I was completely tired; but here, when my clothes would have been a heavy load for an ass, I could have run for miles without feeling the smallest fatigue."

After having remained nearly two months in Dublin, the Persian traveller proceeded, by Holyhead and Chester to London. Here he was greatly puzzled to find suitable lodgings, a hot and a cold bath being primary requisites in his consideration. Margaret Street, Upper Berkley Street, Rathbone Place, and Ibbotson's hotel, were successively his places of abode; the last of which proved very convenient, but was unluckily beyond the reach of his finances. He was in the habit of visiting all places of public amusement, and found himself so exhilarated by the coolness of the climate, and the attention of his friends, that he "followed the advice of the divine Hafiz, and freely gave himself up to love and gayety." He made frequent excursions to the country, and visited Windsor, Oxford, and Blenheim; at which last, the extent and beauty of the grounds struck him so forcibly, as for a time to "efface all other objects from his recollection." London, however, was the chief scene of his residence, and the field of his observations. He attended clubs, balls, and even masquerades.

"I one day received an *invitation card* from a lady, on which was written, only, 'Mrs. — at home on ——— evening.' At first I thought it meant an assignation; but, on consulting one of my friends, I was informed that the lady gave a *rout* that night; and that a *rout* meant an assemblage of people, without any particular object; that the mistress of the house had seldom time to say more to any of her guests than to inquire after their health: but that the servants supplied them with tea, coffee, ice, &c.; after which they had liberty to depart, and make room for others. I frequently afterwards attended these routs, to some of which three or four hundred persons came during the course of the night."

He was greatly pleased with the goodness of our roads and stage-coaches, but found very different feelings excited by the wonderful prices of our provisions. "In England," he says, "a good appetite is a serious evil to a poor man." With all his susceptibility of female charms, Abu Taleb approves of keeping the

ladies under "salutary restraints," and even seems satisfied with that ungracious part of our statute-book which permits a "man to beat his wife with a stick, provided he does not endanger the breaking of a limb." He was much surprised at the freedom of the lower orders towards their superiors; and at the comfortable condition of the servants, who, he says, (p. 264.) "sleep not on the floor but on raised beds, and are as well clothed as their masters." Adverting to the numerous servants who accompany a gentleman out of doors in India, he adds, "I can scarcely describe the pleasure I felt, upon my first arrival in Europe, in being able to walk out unattended, to make my own bargains in the shops, and to talk to whom I pleased; so different from our customs."

The traveller next comes to the important point of our national character, and gives us fresh proofs of his rigid impartiality. Beginning with the lower orders, he laments their unlucky propensity to appropriate to themselves the property of others, in consequence of which he found that "we were obliged to keep our doors shut, and not to permit an unknown person to enter them." His next objection regards our national pride. "Elated," he says, "with a long continuance of power and good fortune, we entertain no apprehension of adversity." A third charge, more serious still, applies to our deficiency in religious faith, and an inclination among many to philosophy, or freethinking. In addition to these imputations, he accuses us of a want of courtesy to our inferiors, as well as of an unnecessary and troublesome luxury in our mode of living. The Arabs and Tartars, he remarks, (vol. 2. p. 36.) made their conquests neither by dint of numbers, nor by superiority of armour, but by the paucity of their wants. An "English gentleman living at the court end of the town, when reproached with waste of time, will reply, 'How is it to be avoided?' I answer, curtail the number of your garments; render your dress simple; wear your beards; and give up less of your time to eating, drinking, and sleeping."—He is by no means pleased that we should not be more ready to acknowledge our national defects, and he dislikes all palliatives; such as that "no nation was ever exempt from vices," or "so long as we are not worse than our neighbours, there is no danger," &c. This reasoning, he adds, is false: for fire, whether in summer or winter, is still inflammable; and the smothered flame will break out, in the sequel, with double violence. He is particularly severe on the unfortunate authors who run, he says, to the press as soon as they have acquired a smattering of a subject:

"The portion of science and truth contained in many of these books is very small; besides it is more difficult to eradicate an erro-

neous opinion once contracted than to implant correct ideas in a mind uncultivated. Far be it from me to depreciate the angelic character of Sir William Jones; but his Persian grammar, having been written when he was a very young man, is, in many places, very defective; and it is much to be regretted that his public avocations, and other studies, did not permit him to revise it, after he had been some years in India."

On turning to the reverse of the picture, Abu Taleb is by no means backward in giving us credit for a number of good qualities. Our high sense of honour, our readiness to hazard life in order to wipe off slander, our regard to principle in the pursuit of ambition, our charity to the lower orders, and our preference in many respects of things useful to things brilliant, are all points new to this Asiatic observer, and entitling us, in his opinion, to much praise. Yet, after this commendatory description, he falls into bad humour at several of our customs. The surprising number of our turnpikes, and still more the endless demands on the pocket of a stranger who visits our cathedrals, or "tombs of the kings," are by no means to his taste. A more serious objection regards the use of feather beds; "All my other Indian customs (he says) I laid aside without difficulty, but sleeping in the English mode cost me much trouble. In the depth of winter the softness of a feather bed is bearable; but as the weather becomes warm, it is productive of great relaxation."

It is some satisfaction for these serious rebukes, that the manners of the French attracted a still larger share of the author's disapprobation. After having resided between two and three years in London, he bade adieu to that "beloved city," and passed over, in 1802, into France. Here the clumsiness of the stage-coaches reminded him of a Hindoostany carriage drawn by oxen; and the cows and other animals were thin and poor, appearing like those of the east, although the soil and climate were evidently better than in England. The coarse looks of the country-women, and the filth of the inns as well as of the Parisian coffee-houses, formed additional objects of unpleasant contrast to the scene which he had just left. It was in vain that he sought in Paris a clean and retired lodging; he could obtain no reception but in buildings of many stories in height, and containing perhaps fifty persons in their various apartments. The lofty grandeur, however, of these stone edifices on the outside, formed some kind of counterpoise to the want of comfort within; while the number of hot and cold baths, and particularly the convenience of those which are constructed on boats moored in the river, was a source of high gratification; and the impression produced by the magnificent pictures in the Louvre was such as to make him think that the sights

in Dublin and London were little better than playthings. In treating of the French character, he makes a very fair statement of both sides of the question :

“ The public library of Paris contains nearly a million of books, in various languages, and upon all subjects. Its establishment is the most liberal I have anywhere met with, as the people are permitted to enter it gratis, and have not only permission to read there the whole day, but to make extracts, or even to copy any book in the collection.”—

“ Whilst travelling, or when dining at French ordinaries, I was frequently surprised to see with what good humour the gentlemen put up with bad food, and worse wine ; and whenever I complained, they took great pains to persuade me the things were not so bad, or that the master of the house was not in fault. The French appear always happy, and do not vex themselves with business ; for immediately after dinner, they walk out, and amuse themselves, till midnight, in visiting the gardens, and other places of recreation.—

“ In some instances, I think the French have too much apathy and want of exertion, and that the servants take advantage of the forbearance of the better classes. In a London coffee-house, if a gentleman calls for *breakfast*, the waiter will at once bring him all the requisites on a tray, and afterwards eggs or fruit, if called for. This he does to avoid running backward and forward ; to which the English have a great objection. But in Paris, although the waiter perfectly knows by experience what articles are requisite, he will first bring the coffee, then the sugar, a third time the milk, and before you can possibly breakfast, he must have made half a dozen trips to the bar.”—

“ On beholding these inert qualities in the French, I was convinced that, notwithstanding their numbers, skill and bravery, *they will never gain the superiority over the English* ; who, although inferior in strength of armies, are persevering, and indefatigable in resources and contrivances. It really astonishes me how the French, being so deficient in energy and perseverance, should have acquired so much fame and power.

“ The French women are tall, and more corpulent than the English, but bear no comparison with respect to beauty. They want the simplicity, modesty, and graceful motions of the English damsels. They were also painted to an excessive degree, were very forward and great talkers. The waists of their gowns were so short and full bodied, that the women appeared humpbacked ; whilst the drapery in front was so scanty as barely to conceal half their bosoms. Although I am by nature amorous, and easily affected at the sight of beauty, and visited every public place in Paris, I never met with a French woman who interested me.”

From Paris Abu Taleb proceeded southward by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles ; a journey during which he had ample reason to regret the convenience of English travelling. At Mar-

whenever he embarked for Genoa, and found the aspect of that city and its bay one of the most delightful which he had yet seen. The custom in Italy, of allowing the ladies to be attended by cicisbeos, appeared not a little extraordinary to this jealous Orientalist. He was in hopes of obtaining a sight of Florence, Rome, and Naples, but was deterred from undertaking the journey by the report of an epidemic fever which raged with great violence in the interior of Italy. At Leghorn, the closeness of the town, and the apparent selfishness of many of the inhabitants, rendered his stay uncomfortable; so that his Italian tour, limited as was its extent, afforded him very little satisfaction, otherwise than in gratifying his taste for music:

“The inhabitants of Genoa are all proficient in the science of music, and possess a greater variety of instruments than I have seen elsewhere. One night I was reposing on my bed, when I was roused by the most charming melody in the street I had ever heard. I started up, and involuntarily ran down stairs to the street door, but found it was locked, and the key taken away; I therefore hastened again to my room, and felt every inclination to throw myself out of the window; when, fortunately, the musicians stopped, and my senses returned.

“I had frequently been informed, in London, that the Italians excelled all the world in their skill in music; and I here acknowledge that the Indian, Persian, and Western Europe music, bears the same comparison to the Italian, that a mill does to a fine-toned organ.

From Leghorn he proceeded to Malta, where he was very agreeably surprised to find the language contain a great mixture of Arabic. Though the Maltese is chiefly compounded of Greek, Italian, and French, the pronounciation approaches very much to the Arabic, the letters S, Z, and T, being the same in both languages. His next voyage was to Constantinople, in the course of which he had a distant prospect of many classic scenes: but with these he was not strongly impressed, his knowledge of history being limited to the records of modern Persia and India. Athens he briefly describes as the “birthplace of Plato, of Diogenes the cynic, and of several other celebrated philosophers.” Constantinople, as usual, was delightful at a distance, and very much otherwise on close inspection. He disliked the perpetual smoking of the Turks, the dirt of their inns, and their idle conversations carried on in their coffee-houses in a loud tone of voice. He remarked that, though the atmosphere of this metropolis is cold during a considerable part of the year, the Turks have no idea whatever of the benefit of taking exercise. A Pasha enters his hall of audience, in the morning, by a small door communicating with his harem, remains there during the day, and retires at night by the same door, without even looking into his garden. The load

of clothes, which this want of exercise makes it necessary to wear, appeared to Abu Taleb still more unfavourable to health than the down beds of our own country. He was introduced to the Turkish ministers, several of whom, particularly Ahmed Effendi, spoke Persian with great fluency. From the Turkish capital he set out on his return by way of the interior of Asia, accompanied by a Mehmander, or conductor, appointed by government; but the journey, in itself unavoidably uncomfortable, was rendered doubly disagreeable by the character of his guide. From Constantinople to Bagdad is a distance of nearly 1,900 English miles, which were travelled over by him in somewhat less than two months. At Bagdad, as at Bussora, he underwent, partly from his own irritability and partly from other causes, a repetition of mortifications; all of which, however, were forgotten in the hospitable attentions of Governor Duncan at Bombay. Here a passage was procured for him on board a frigate going round to Calcutta, where he landed in August, 1803, after an absence of more than four years.

The work is concluded by an Appendix, containing a curious tract on the treatment of women in Asia; a subject which was suggested to Abu Taleb by the notion prevalent in Europe that the fair sex in the East live in a state of thralldom. The observations are curious, chiefly as communicating the reasons which strike the imagination of an Orientalist as productive of differences in national habits. The Asiatic women appear to him to have the greater liberty of the two; possessing, he says, (p. 412.) more authority over the property of their husbands, and over their servants, as well as over the education, the religion, and the marriage of their children. At the same time, the Asiatic ladies have no trouble in entertaining the guests, or attending to the business of the husband. If a divorce happens to take place in India, a mother does not, as in Europe, relinquish all her children to her husband, but carries away her daughters and her property; a step, indeed, which she will have little hesitation in taking on the occurrence of a quarrel of less consequence than those which lead to a permanent separation. Polygamy does not exist in India, in the manner commonly imagined; the first wife being the only one who is considered as on a footing of equality with the husband. Women submitting to become the wives of a married man are not admitted into the society of ladies, but have either a separate dwelling, or occupy a subordinate station in the house of the equal wife. The truth, indeed, is, that polygamy is very rare, and generally carries its own cure along with it; "for from what I know," says Abu Taleb, "it is easier to live with two tigresses than with two wives." This emphatic assertion he confirms (p. 416.) by adducing various points in which an Indian lady makes no scruple

of teasing her husband ; such as "keeping dinner waiting for her coming to table ; visiting her own friends frequently, and remaining day after day under their roof, though repeatedly entreated by her husband to return ;" all of which, it seems, are put in practice for the sake of keeping a hold on the husband's affection. Another assertion of Abu Taleb, and one which, we confess, rather startled us, is, (p. 416.) that the "Asiatics appear by their manners to place a greater reliance on a wife's discretion than the Europeans." "Here," he says, "custom prevents a married lady from going abroad without the company of a friend, and to sleep from home would be at variance with all rule ; whereas in the East a wife will go unattended to the house of a lady of her acquaintance, though their husbands should be strangers, and will remain there a week without its being thought any thing unusual." Next, as to the custom in Asia, of ladies not entering into the society of gentlemen, and not even seeing them, the motive, says Abu Taleb, is choice, not compulsion ; because, in the East, the house-doors being kept open all the day, the females could not, without such a precaution, be free from incessant interruption, or find leisure for domestic employments. In Europe, were commodities as cheap and servants as numerous as in India, "we might (he observes) see a separate house, table, and equipage, for the wife." Finally, he thinks it would be the practice to keep females out of sight in Europe as much as it is in India, did not the coldness of the climate require exercise in the open air ; while the necessity of participating in the active duties of life calls for a degree of experience on the part of a woman, which retired habits would not afford. In India, on the other hand, the duty of a wife is limited to the simple charge of taking care of her husband's property, and of bringing up her children.

This singular and amusing production was reduced into its present shape by the author, after his return to Calcutta in 1803, from a journal commenced at the outset of his travels, and regularly continued. The book being published in MS. according to the Persian method, a copy came, in 1806, into the possession of a British officer, who procured a correct transcript of it at Allahabad ; and this transcript, being brought over to England, was put into the hands of Mr. Stewart, who declares that he has translated it as literally as the different idioms of the two languages would permit. With all his solicitude, however, to adhere to the plan of the original, he found it necessary to retrench certain poetical effusions in which the author was very fond of indulging ; as well as long lists of his friends at the principal places which he visited. A dissertation on anatomy, and a formidably long description of a hot-house, were likewise viewed by Mr. Stewart in the light of excrescences ; but these retrenchments, with a

partial transposition of the chapters for the sake of connexion, form the only deviations from the original. The style of the translation is easy and perspicuous; and, whether the merit be due to the Persian or the Englishman, a great variety of observations will be found compressed in a smaller compass than is usual in books of travels.

By a short note appended to the second volume, we are concerned to learn that Abu Taleb did not long survive his return to India. He was appointed a district collector in Bundelcund, and died in that situation in 1806. His property having been much reduced by his various disappointments, the East-India Company settled a pension on his wife and family.

Those passages of the narrative on which we have forborne to dwell, relate chiefly to occurrences in European politics, and to observations on matters of government; because, though Abu Taleb's information, considering his previous habits, is by no means despicable, we must be prepared for less accuracy on such topics than on those which fall under ocular observation. He is accordingly somewhat incorrect in his report (vol. 2. p. 100.) of the circumstances of Buonaparte's usurpation in 1799; as well as of the resignation in 1801 (vol. 1. p. 274.) of Mr. Pitt and the other *viziers*. He mistakes likewise (vol. 1. p. 89.) the Western Islands for the West Indies; and in treating (vol. 2. p. 205.) of ancient history, he finds himself so much out of his latitude as to call Troy the residence of a "celebrated philosopher and poet, named Homer." Respecting another topic, we mean the abuses consequent on the introduction of British law into India, his opinion, and the arguments urged in its support, (vol. 2. p. 9.) deserve to be read with attention. On arriving in London, he entertained a project of teaching Persian, under the sanction of government and the India Company: but the men in office delayed to give an affirmative answer until a considerable time had elapsed, and his resolution was taken to return home. We question, however, whether he would have been found to have possessed sufficient temper and steadiness for the permanent discharge of such a task.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE IDEA OF A TRUE PATRIOT.

GRAVE observers, who, by looking steadily at the troubled ocean of life, sometimes see a little beyond the surface, will be often struck with surprise at beholding the influence which mere names exercise over the opinions of the majority of the human race. They will indeed almost be inclined to believe that the generality of men have no other criterion to distinguish virtue from vice, and that Brutus was in the right when, in the bitterness of disappointment at the failure of his attempt to free his country, he exclaimed, "O virtue thou art but a *name*!"

Observing this propensity in mankind to be governed by names, wise men, I mean those enlightened persons who had cunning enough to perceive the foibles of their fellow creatures, and knavery enough to take advantage of them, did, at a very early period, invent a nomenclature most admirably calculated to break down the barrier between virtue and vice, and to confound them in the minds of unenlightened men. It was thus that persecution became piety; ill nature, candour; avarice, prudence; cunning, wisdom; and self-interest, patriotism—till at last divers philosophers, observing the singular operation of these disguised vices, began to doubt the very existence of virtue.

When, for instance, they saw a man who chose to call himself a patriot abandoning himself to dishonourable intrigues, inventing and giving currency to falsehood, and outraging all those duties which compose the ligaments of society—losing sight of those honourable principles and feelings which constitute the true dignity of man, and debasing himself to the level of pitiful hypocrisy—when they saw all this, they came to the preposterous conclusion that there was no such thing as true patriotism. But the more enlarged and enlightened philosophy of the present day has furnished a remedy for these seeming incongruities, and, by a most happy distinction, reconciled private with public virtue, by demonstrating that they are entirely distinct, nay, often diametrically opposite to each other.

In no age or country, perhaps, has patriotism been so plenty as in this. In the most virtuous periods of Greece and Rome it is melancholy to observe the dearth of patriots, lawgivers, and wise men. Seven wise men living at one time in Greece, gave immortality to the age; Solon and Lycurgus, by making laws for a couple of insignificant cities, were held up as objects of infinite admiration; and such was the scarcity of patriots that they were obliged to enlist Timoleon who killed his brother, and the elder Brutus who killed his son, in order to eke out the number. These instances clearly indicate the great superiority of the moderns over those ancients who are so insolently held up by most writers as objects of imitation; for there is hardly a village of this country that does not contain a man at least as wise in his neighbours' opinion as Thales; and one single city, as we read, called Gotham, actually produced at one time three wise men equally renowned with those of ancient Greece. As for legislators and patriots, every board of aldermen can turn out half a dozen of the one, and the others are as plenty and as cheap as mackarel.

In proportion, however, as the sect of patriots grew more numerous, it branched out into a variety of schisms, insomuch that the purity of its original source became polluted, and it is now extremely difficult to distinguish the genuine from the adulterated patriotism. I will therefore lay down some rules by which the true patriot may be recognised at first sight by persons of ordinary sagacity. There are certain characteristic and peculiar marks which enable an accurate observer at all times to discern which is the perfect, and which is the mixed or degenerate breed of animals. As I profess to have this power in a high degree, having handled many patriots in my time, the following marks may be relied on by those who may be inclined to the purchase of this species of live stock.

The true patriot is one who uniformly prefers his own interest to that of his country, and who has enlarged his mind to a perception of this great moral truth, that public is almost always incompatible with private virtue. These opinions are the foundation of the quality I am about analyzing, and without it no patriotism can be genuine, any more than Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead can be relied on without the doctor's own signature. Let us now inquire how the combination of these two great qualities operates to produce infinite benefit to the community at large.

This attachment of the true patriot to his own individual interest is founded on a most subtle construction, which is doubtless the true one, of the celebrated political axiom, that "the good of the whole is the same as the good of all its parts." This, rightly understood, inculcates the doctrine, that every man ought exclusively to take care of himself, which is in fact the great law of nature. Assuredly if the good of society consists in the prosperity of all its parts, the true way to attain that good is for each individual to cultivate his own interest at the expense of that of every body else. The greatest possible number of people will then become prosperous, and thus the good of the whole will be achieved in the easiest and most effectual manner.

Nothing in fact so forcibly exemplifies the presumptuous folly of mankind as their making a sacrifice of individual interest to the general benefit; or the arrogance of that patriotism which has for its object the good of a whole community. Attempts like these bespeak an utter ignorance of the limited powers of man, who, so far from being able to make others happy, can scarcely, with all his exertions, attain to a moderate degree of comfort himself. From this salutary conviction of the circumscribed sphere of mortal action, has doubtless arisen that indifference to the prosperity of others, manifested by many good men and true patriots, who wisely perceiving it was as much as they could do to make themselves tolerably comfortable in this world, very properly abandoned all solicitude for the welfare of others.

But however this opinion may be reconcilable to the feelings of the wise, it would be manifest folly in the true patriot to admit for a moment in public that it influences his conduct. That kind of honour which is proverbial among thieves, and which I suppose consists in throwing off all disguise among themselves, may possibly prompt him to unfold to his fraternity the noble principle by which he is actuated, but it will by no means suit his exalted purposes to make it public. There exists among unenlightened men a singular prejudice in favour of disinterestedness, even when it approaches to prodigality, and the thoughtless spendthrift, who in their apologetic language is nobody's enemy but his own, is always preferred to the thrifty citizen, who is nobody's friend.

It is therefore necessary that the true patriot should cautiously veil from the piercing eyes of the world, this exclusive feeling of self-interest, and adopt some ostensible motive more congenial to

the feelings of those whom he intends to make the instruments of his prosperity. Now I believe it will be found that mankind when they adopt a disguise, generally choose one most different from their real physiognomy; or when they assume a character, for the purpose of practising on the credulity of mankind, take that which is most opposite to their natures. Thus the drunkard will endeavour to put on an air of demure sobriety; the glutton will affect temperance, and complain of his want of appetite; the hypocrite laments his incapacity to disguise any thing from the world; the mountebank, being generally a very silly fellow, attempts to pass for a conjurer; and the true patriot, being governed by the great motive of individual interest, affects the exclusive pursuit of the interests of others.

Distinguished philosophers have surmised that a great portion of the knowledge of mankind was probably derived from a profound observation of the habits and instincts of brutes. If this opinion, so complimentary to my fellow men, should be just, we may suppose that the practice alluded to was suggested by the example of the bird, which cunningly allures the attention of the unpractised urchin from its nest, by seeming to direct her anxiety towards the opposite quarter. Thus we find the true patriot disavowing, with obtrusive clamour, every other object than that which is the most opposite in vulgar estimation, to his real pursuit, and decoying the attention of unwary observers from that point where all his hopes are centred.

Perhaps to those whose minds are stunted to the mere comprehension of plain, every-day, homespun virtue, this species of disguise may appear like hypocrisy. But as there are pious frauds, so there is, in the eye of sound patriotism, a pious hypocrisy. It is when a man condescends to deceive others, for the purpose of advancing the public good, or his own, which has been proved the same. And here I must beg leave to observe, that there is a most unreasonable and vulgar prejudice against the hypocrite, who in fact produces great benefit to society, and, though good for nothing himself, is the cause of much good in others. The mere appearance of virtue, say the casuists, is salutary, because it often leads others to be really so; as the impostor Mahomet drew after him thousands of sincere votaries.

I now come to the second grand principle of the true patriot, to wit, that the public good almost always demands the sacrifice

of private virtue, or, in other words, that one cannot be a good man and a great patriot at the same time, according to the usual acceptance.

In the pursuit of great objects, such as promoting or destroying the happiness of a nation, the most profound reasoners have held it allowable, nay praiseworthy, to dispense, if necessary, with those ordinary rules of action which govern men in common circumstances. Thus a man may lawfully do that in the attainment of a kingdom with great glory to himself, which, if done to gain a farm, would utterly demolish his reputation, and forthwith bring him to the gallows. In the usual routine of private life, it is held a crime against the society of which we are members, to utter or to publish wilful falsehoods; to blacken the good name of our neighbour; to vilify a large portion of our countrymen; or to make it our daily labour to foment divisions, sharpen animosities, and nourish the most unkind antipathies among the different classes of our fellow citizens. Nothing, indeed, but the purest patriotism can justify these breaches of common law virtue, and none but a true patriot possesses the chymical power of changing, by an analysis that would confound the experimental science of Sir Humphrey Davy himself, these breaches of private duties into public benefits.

But the solution of this difficulty is easy enough; this seeming inconsistency arising altogether out of that opposition which exists between private and public virtue, which are by ignorant people so preposterously confounded together. The true patriot is however aware of this distinction; accordingly, despising the little everyday duties that are eternally in a man's way, he frames a more enlarged and liberal code of morality, admirably adapted to a lofty genius elevated above the petty prejudices that circumscribe the actions of little men. The noble maxim that "The end justifies the means" forms the guide of his conduct, and he does not scruple to become a bad citizen, and bad neighbour—a false friend, or an unprincipled betrayer, for the good of his country, or what is the same thing, the good of himself. But it is only the true patriot, and one, too, of the first order, who can rise to that degree of sublime public virtue, which consists in the sacrifice of those heart-subduing ties that take such fast hold of weaker men, and restrain them from effectually contributing to the individual-general prosperity.

Indeed it requires not only great strength of mind in the true patriot to enable him to practise this ardent species of virtue, but also great depth of reasoning to discover that it is really virtue, and that of the rarest kind, because its difficulties are increased by the opposition of early imbibed modes of thinking, as well as natural feelings. It was this sublime patriotism which enabled the elder Brutus to condemn his offspring to death, and inspired the younger one to stab his benefactor. These exploits have accordingly been made the theme of historic eulogy; and nothing furnishes a stronger proof of the injustice of fame, than that nobody has thought proper to celebrate the singular virtue of Peter the Great of Russia, who condemned his only son to death; or of Francis Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry the Fourth of France.—To be sure, the purity of the great Peter's act is sullied by the fact that the son deserved his fate; and Ravaillac is deprived of half the splendour of his achievement on account of his having had no tie of gratitude to restrain him. And besides the one was a Muscovite, the other a Frenchman, while Brutus had the fortune of being a Roman, a name which, through the caprice of history, has become inseparably connected with virtue.

But ignorant people, who only comprehend that simple virtue which depends on no refinement of reasoning, and requires no metaphysical logic to define, nor any careful chymical analysis to ascertain its quality, are altogether incapable of conceiving this exalted species of patriotism, which consists in the sacrifice of our noblest feelings. The only instance I remember of the kind in this country, is that of the famous Indian Chief Colonel Brandt who put his son to death with as little compunction as either Brutus or Peter the Great. But the detractors from his merit say he was intoxicated at the time; if so, the palm must still rest with the Roman, who performed his sacrifice in cold blood.

With regard, however, to what may be considered the relative duties of man in his social and political capacity, and how, as the member of a community, his duty as a citizen is at war with his feelings as a mere individual, is a question of extreme nicety. People who suppose that it is as easy to find out what is really virtue, as it is to practise it, argue with an utter ignorance of the subject. All the subtlety of the most acute genius is necessary to ascertain the almost imperceptible line of distinction between moral turpitude and true patriotism; or how far it is the duty of

man to violate, in the character of a patriot, those principles which constitute his rule of action as a mere private man. That such a difficulty does really exist is demonstrated by the vast number of great books which have been written for the purpose of defining virtue, in which she appears in as many forms as Proteus, and is sometimes treated as a goddess, at others like an impostor. In these books dreadful are the conflicts between private and public duties, which seem, like the ancient English and Scottish borderers, to have been always at war, and committing depredations on each other's territories.

The true patriot having learned to distinguish between these conflicting duties, proceeds upon the only true principle, that of sacrificing the lesser virtues to the greater. Thus it is the duty of a man to speak the truth; to be faithful to his friend; and to deal justly to all mankind in common cases. But if the true patriot finds out, which in fact he can always do by the aid of his superior sagacity, that the government of his country is in the hands of the worst men in it, who will if let alone inevitably bring it to ruin; or, on the other hand, if he discovers that the party opposed to the administration only want to get the power into their hands to ruin the country themselves—in either of these cases it certainly becomes his duty to save it from destruction by every means in his power.

If, then, in the pursuit of this noble object, he descends to the most ignoble actions, and scruples not to violate the truth—to betray private confidence, to blast the good name of his neighbour—to resort to habitual calumnies, and, in short, descend to the level of unprincipled vice—still this dereliction of those principles which usually govern common minds, is precisely what constitutes the superiority of patriotism over every other virtue. It is no very extraordinary exertion to practise virtue, when it is attended with no violation of those feelings and attachments which are so closely connected with the human heart. But to enter into fellowship with fraud and hypocrisy; to break the early ties of youthful intimacy; to combat in the lowest arena of life, and to make a noble sacrifice of the respect of all men of honour, for the good of our country, is a species of virtue incontestably allied to excellence, inasmuch as it possesses the unalienable attribute of all perfection, that of most nearly approaching its opposite extreme.

It has long been held a great stretch of virtue to consent even

for a little while to shroud the character—to become the voluntary martyr of infamy, and to *appear* vitious, for the sake of some eventual good. What, then, is due to that exemplary patriot who condescends to *be* so, in the pure hope that public happiness, and the individual-general good, will at last spring from this disinterested sacrifice, even as the safety of Rome was achieved by devoting to destruction whatever was most precious among its citizens.

Men of the usual level of virtue are apt to be governed by the old maxim, that evil must never be done that good may come of it—a maxim which if strictly adhered to, would demolish all true patriots under the sun. Their very vocation consists in doing evil that good may come of it, and in nobly sacrificing private feelings, that is, the private feelings of others, to their conception of the public good. For instance, now, some men of good intentions but narrow views, would suppose they were acting the parts of true patriots by maintaining the truth, by inculcating a union of sentiment in points of importance among members of the same community; by doing every thing in their power to preserve their domestic peace; and by infusing into the minds of all within the sphere of their influence that national regard for our countrymen which forms the best cement of civil society. The genuine patriot, on the contrary, forthwith divests himself of these meaner principles that circumscribe the actions of little men, and, scorning that paltry candour which deals justice even to an enemy—that narrow-minded bigotry which adheres to the truth even when falsehood might subserve its interests—that treasonable friendship which clings even to the remains of expiring confidence, and hovers over the dying embers of affection—and that chicken-hearted candour which impels us to acknowledge that men who differ in opinion may be equally honest—he spurs on triumphantly to the attainment of that individual wealth, which has been demonstrated to be the only legitimate foundation of national prosperity. P.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

IN the present times, when popular feeling is gradually becoming hardened by war, and selfish by the frequent jeopardy of life or property, it is certainly an inauspicious moment to speak in behalf of a race of beings, whose very existence has been pronounced detrimental to public security. But it is good at all times to raise the voice of truth, however feeble; to endeavour if possible to mitigate the fury of passion and prejudice, and to turn aside the bloody hand of violence. Little interest, however, can probably be awakened at present, in favour of the misguided tribes of Indians that have been drawn into the present war. The rights of the savage have seldom been deeply appreciated by the white man—in peace he is the dupe of mercenary rapacity; in war he is regarded as a ferocious animal, whose death is a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered and he is sheltered by impunity—and little mercy is to be expected from him who feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of this country, to be doubly wronged by the white men—first, driven from their native soil by the sword of the invader, and then darkly slandered by the pen of the historian. The former has treated them like beasts of the forest; the latter has written volumes to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter to abuse than to discriminate. The hideous appellations of savage and pagan, were sufficient to sanction the deadly hostilities of both; and the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and dishonoured, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The same prejudices seem to exist, in common circulation, at the present day. We form our opinions of the Indian character from the miserable hordes that infest our frontiers. These, however, are degenerate beings, enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its arts of living. The independence

of thought and action, that formed the main pillar of their character, has been completely prostrated, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are debased by conscious inferiority, and their native courage completely daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like a many-headed monster, breathing every variety of misery. Before it went forth pestilence, famine, and the sword; and in its train came the slow, but exterminating curse of trade. What the former did not sweep away, the latter has gradually blighted. It has increased their wants, without increasing the means of gratification. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, blasted the powers of their minds, and superinduced on their original barbarity the low vices of civilization. Poverty, repining and hopeless poverty—a canker of the mind unknown to sylvan life—corrodes their very hearts.—They loiter like vagrants through the settlements, among spacious habitations replete with artificial comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes, but they are expelled from the banquet. The forest which once furnished them with ample means of subsistence has been levelled to the ground—waving fields of grain have sprung up in its place; but they have no participation in the harvest; plenty revels around them, but they are starving amidst its stores; the whole wilderness blossoms like a garden, but they feel like the reptiles that infest it.

How different was their case while yet the undisputed lords of the soil. Their wants were few, and the means of gratifying them within their reach. They saw every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, living in the same cabins, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then rose, but what was open to the houseless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcome to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. “For,” says an old historian of New England, “their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all: thus do they pass their time merrily, not regard-

ing our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of." Such were the Indians while in the pride and energy of primitive simplicity: they resemble those wild plants that thrive best in the shades of the forest, but which shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

In the general mode of estimating the savage character, we may perceive a vast degree of vulgar prejudice, and passionate exaggeration, without any of the temperate discussion of true philosophy. No allowance is made for the difference of circumstances, and the operations of principles under which they have been educated. Virtue and vice, though radically the same, yet differ widely in their influence on human conduct, according to the habits and maxims of the society in which the individual is reared. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, to be sure, are but few, but then he conforms to them all. The white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners; but how many does he violate?

A common cause of accusation against the Indians is, the faithlessness of their friendships, and their sudden provocations to hostility. But we do not make allowance for their peculiar modes of thinking and feeling, and the principles by which they are governed. Besides, the friendship of the whites towards the poor Indians, was ever cold, distrustful, oppressive, and insulting. In the intercourse with our frontiers they are seldom treated with confidence, and are frequently subject to injury and encroachment. The solitary savage feels silently but acutely; his sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man, but they run in steadier and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstitions, are all directed towards fewer objects, but the wounds inflicted on them are proportionably severe, and furnish motives of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate. Where a community is also limited in number, and forms, as in an Indian tribe, one great patriarchal family, the injury of the individual is the injury of the whole; and as their body politic is small, the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused. One council fire is sufficient to decide the measure. Elo-

quence and superstition combine to inflame their minds. The orator awakens all their martial ardour, and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation, by the visions of the Prophet and the Dreamer.

An instance of one of these sudden exasperations, arising from a motive peculiar to the Indian character, is extant in an old record of the early settlement of Massachusetts. The planters of Plymouth had defaced the monuments of the dead at Passonagessit, and had plundered the grave of the sachem's mother of some skins with which it had been piously decorated. Every one knows the hallowed reverence which the Indians entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred. Even now, tribes that have passed generations, exiled from the abodes of their ancestors, when by chance they have been travelling, on some mission, to our seat of government, have been known to turn aside from the highway, for many miles distance, and guided by wonderfully accurate tradition, have sought some tumulus, buried perhaps in woods, where the bones of their tribe were anciently deposited; and there have passed some time in silent lamentation over the ashes of their forefathers. Influenced by this sublime and holy feeling, the sachem, whose mother's tomb had been violated, in the moment of indignation, gathered his men together, and addressed them in the following beautifully simple and pathetic harangue—an harangue which has remained unquoted for nearly two hundred years—a pure specimen of Indian eloquence, and an affecting monument of filial piety in a savage.

“When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take repose. Before mine eyes were fast closed, methought I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled, and, trembling at that doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud—behold my son, whom I have cherished; see the breasts that gave thee suck, the hands that lapped thee warm and fed thee oft! canst thou forget to take revenge of those wild people, who have defaced my monument in a despicable manner, disdaining our antiquities and honourable customs. See now, the sachem's grave lies like the common people, defaced by an ignoble race. Thy mother doth complain, and implores thy aid against this thievish people, who have newly intruded in our land. If this be suffered I shall not rest quiet in

my everlasting habitation.—This said, the spirit vanished, and I, all in a sweat, not able scarce to speak, began to get some strength and recollect my spirits that were fled, and determined to demand your counsel, and solicit your assistance.”

Another cause of violent outcry against the Indians, is their inhumanity to the vanquished. This originally arose partly from political and partly from superstitious motives. Where hostile tribes are scanty in their numbers, the death of several warriors completely paralyzes their power; and many an instance occurs in Indian history, where a hostile tribe, that had long been formidable to its neighbour, has been broken up and driven away, by the capture and massacre of its principal fighting men. This is a strong temptation to the victor to be merciless, not so much to gratify any cruelty of revenge, as to provide for future security. But they had other motives, originating in a superstitious idea, common to barbarous nations, and even prevalent among the Greeks and Romans—that the manes of their deceased friends, slain in battle, were soothed by the blood of the captives. But those that are not thus sacrificed are adopted into their families, and treated with the confidence and affection of relatives and friends; nay, so hospitable and tender is their entertainment, that they will often prefer to remain with their adopted brethren, rather than return to the home and the friends of their youth.

The inhumanity of the Indians towards their prisoners has been heightened since the intrusion of the whites. We have exasperated what was formerly a compliance with policy and superstition into a gratification of vengeance. They cannot but be sensible that we are the usurpers of their ancient dominion, the cause of their degradation, and the gradual destroyers of their race. They go forth to battle, smarting with injuries and indignities which they have individually suffered from the injustice and the arrogance of white men, and they are driven to madness and despair, by the wide-spreading desolation and the overwhelming ruin of our warfare. We set them an example of violence, by burning their villages and laying waste their slender means of subsistence; and then wonder that savages will not show moderation and magnanimity towards men, who have left them nothing but mere existence and wretchedness.

It is a common thing to exclaim against new forms of cruelty,

while, reconciled by custom, we wink at long established atrocities. What right does the generosity of our conduct give us to rail exclusively at Indian warfare. With all the doctrines of christianity, and the advantages of cultivated morals, to govern and direct us, what horrid crimes disgrace the victories of christian armies. Towns laid in ashes; cities given up to the sword; enormities perpetrated, at which manhood blushes, and history drops the pen. Well may we exclaim at the outrages of the scalping knife; but where, in the records of Indian barbarity, can we point to a violated female?

We stigmatize the Indians also as cowardly and treacherous, because they use stratagem in warfare, in preference to open force; but in this they are fully authorized by their rude code of honour. They are early taught that stratagem is praiseworthy; the bravest warrior thinks it no disgrace to lurk in silence and take every advantage of his foe. He triumphs in the superior craft and sagacity by which he has been enabled to surprise and massacre an enemy. Indeed, man is naturally more prone to subtlety than open valour, owing to his physical weakness in comparison with other animals. They are endowed with natural weapons of defence; with horns, with tusks, with hoofs and talons; but man has to depend on his superior sagacity. In all his encounters, therefore, with these, his proper enemies, he has to resort to stratagem; and when he perversely turns his hostility against his fellow man, he continues the same subtle mode of warfare.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy, with the least harm to ourselves; and this of course is to be effected by cunning. That chivalric kind of courage which teaches us to despise the suggestions of prudence, and to rush in the face of certain danger, is the offspring of society, and produced by education. It is honourable, because in fact it is the triumph of lofty sentiment over an instinctive repugnance to pain, and over those selfish yearnings after personal ease and security which society has condemned as ignoble. It is an emotion kept up by pride, and the fear of shame; and thus the dread of real evils is overcome by the superior dread of an evil that exists but in the mind. This may be instanced in the case of a young British officer of great pride, but delicate nerves, who was going for the first time into battle. Being agitated by the novelty and

awful peril of the scene, he was accosted by another officer of a rough and boisterous character—"What, Sir," cried he, "do you tremble?" "Yes Sir," replied the other, "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away." This young officer signalized himself on many occasions by his gallantry, though, had he been brought up in savage life, or even in a humbler and less responsible situation, it is more than probable he could never have ventured into open action.

Besides we must consider how much the quality of open and desperate courage is cherished and stimulated by society. It has been the theme of many a spirit-stirring song, and chivalric story. The minstrel has sung of it to the loftiest strain of his lyre—the poet has delighted to shed around it all the splendours of fiction—and even the historian has forgotten the sober gravity of narration, and burst forth into enthusiasm and rhapsody in its praise. Triumphs and gorgeous pageants have been its reward—monuments, where art has exhausted its skill, and opulence its treasures, have been erected to perpetuate a nation's gratitude and admiration.—Thus artificially excited, courage has arisen to an extraordinary and factitious degree of heroism; and, arrayed in all the glorious "pomp and circumstance" of war, this turbulent quality has even been able to eclipse many of those quiet, but invaluable virtues, which silently ennoble the human character, and swell the tide of human happiness.

But if courage intrinsically consist in the defiance of danger and pain, the life of the Indian is a continual exhibition of it. He lives in a perpetual state of hostility and risk. Peril and adventure are congenial to his nature, or, rather, seem necessary to arouse his faculties and give an interest to existence. Surrounded by hostile tribes, he is always equipped for fight, with his weapons in his hands. He traverses vast wildernesses, exposed to the hazards of lonely sickness, of lurking enemies, or pining famine. Stormy lakes present no obstacle to his wanderings; in his light canoe of bark, he sports like a feather on their waves, and darts with the swiftness of an arrow down the roaring rapids of the rivers.—Trackless wastes of snow, rugged mountains, the glooms of swamps and morasses, where poisonous reptiles curl among the rank vegetation, are fearlessly encountered by this wanderer of the wilderness. He gains his food by the hardships and dangers

of the chase; he wraps himself in the spoils of the bear, the panther, and the buffalo, and sleeps among the thunders of the cataract.

No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of death, and the fortitude with which he sustains all the varied torments with which it is frequently inflicted. Indeed we here behold him rising superior to the white man, merely in consequence of his peculiar education. The latter rushes to glorious death at the cannon's mouth; the former coolly contemplates its approach, and triumphantly endures it, amid the torments of the knife and the protracted agonies of fire. He even takes a savage delight in taunting his persecutors, and provoking their ingenuity of torture; and as the devouring flames prey on his very vitals, and the flesh shrinks from the sinews, he raises his last song of triumph, breathing the defiance of an unconquered heart, and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness that he dies without a groan.

Notwithstanding all the obloquy with which the early historians of the colonies have overshadowed the characters of the unfortunate natives, some bright gleams will occasionally break through, that throw a degree of melancholy lustre on their memories.—Facts are occasionally to be met with, in their rude annals, which, though recorded with all the colouring of prejudice and bigotry, yet speak for themselves; and will be dwelt on with applause and sympathy, when prejudice shall have passed away.

In one of the homely narratives of the Indian wars in New England there is a touching account of the desolation carried into the tribe of the Pequod Indians. Humanity shudders at the cold-blooded accounts given, of indiscriminate butchery on the part of the settlers. In one place we read of the surprisal of an Indian fort in the night, when the wigwams were wrapped in flames, and the miserable inhabitants shot down and slain, in attempting to escape, "all being despatched and ended in the course of an hour." After a series of similar transactions, "Our soldiers," as the historian piously observes, "being resolved by God's assistance to make a final destruction of them," the unhappy savages being hunted from their homes and fortresses, and pursued with fire and sword, a scanty but gallant band, the sad remnant of the Pequod warriors, with their wives and children, took refuge in a swamp.

Burning with indignation, and rendered sullen by despair—with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission.

As the night drew on they were surrounded in their dismal retreat, in such manner as to render escape impracticable. Thus situated, their enemy “plied them with shot all the time, by which means many were killed and buried in the mire.” In the darkness and fog that precedes the dawn of day, some few broke through the besiegers and escaped into the woods: “the rest were left to the conquerors, of which many were killed in the swamp, like sullen dogs who would rather, in their self-willedness and madness, sit still and be shot through, or cut to pieces,” than implore for mercy. When the day broke upon this handful of forlorn but dauntless spirits, the soldiers, we are told, entering the swamp, “saw several heaps of them sitting close together, upon whom they discharged their pieces, laden with ten or twelve pistol bullets at a time; putting the muzzles of their pieces under the boughs, within a few yards of them; so as, besides those that were found dead, many more were killed and sunk into the mire, and never were minded more by friend or foe.”

Can any one read this plain unvarnished tale, without admiring the stern resolution, the unbending pride, and loftiness of spirit, that seemed to nerve the hearts of these self-taught heroes, and to raise them above the instinctive feelings of human nature? When the Gauls laid waste the city of Rome, they found the nobles clothed in their robes, and seated with stern tranquillity in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death without an attempt at supplication or resistance. Such conduct in them was applauded as noble and magnanimous; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as obstinate and sullen. How much are we the dupes of show and circumstance!—How different is virtue, arrayed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, destitute and naked, reduced to the last stage of wretchedness, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness.

Do these records of ancient excesses fill us with disgust and aversion? let us take heed that we do not suffer ourselves to be hurried into the same iniquities. Posterity lifts up its hands with

horror at past misdeeds, because the passions that urged to them are not felt, and the arguments that persuaded to them are forgotten; but we are reconciled to the present perpetration of injustice by all the selfish motives with which interest chills the heart and silences the conscience. Even at the present advanced day, when we should suppose that enlightened philosophy had expanded our minds, and true religion had warmed our hearts into philanthropy—when we have been admonished by a sense of past transgressions, and instructed by the indignant censures of candid history—even now, we perceive a disposition breaking out to renew the persecutions of these hapless beings. Sober-thoughted men, far from the scenes of danger, in the security of cities and populous regions, can coolly talk of “exterminating measures,” and discuss the *policy* of extirpating thousands. If such is the talk in the cities, what is the temper displayed on the borders. The sentence of desolation has gone forth—“the roar is up amidst the woods;” implacable wrath, goaded on by interest and prejudice, is ready to confound all rights, to trample on all claims of justice and humanity, and to act over those scenes of sanguinary vengeance which have too often stained the pages of colonial history.

These are not the idle suggestions of fancy; they are wrung forth by recent facts, which still haunt the public mind. We need but turn to the ravaged country of the Creeks to behold a picture of exterminating warfare.

These deluded savages, either excited by private injury or private intrigue, or by both, have lately taken up the hatchet and made deadly inroads into our frontier settlements. Their punishment has been pitiless and terrible. Vengeance has gone like a devouring fire through their country—the smoke of their villages yet rises to heaven, and the blood of the slaughtered Indians yet reeks upon the earth. Of this merciless ravage, an idea may be formed by a single exploit, boastfully set forth in an official letter that has darkened our public journals.* A detachment of soldiery had been sent under the command of one General Coffee to destroy the Tallushatches towns, where the hostile Creeks had assembled. The enterprise was executed, as the commander in chief† ex-

* Letter of Gen. Coffee, dated Nov. 4, 1813. † General Andrew Jackson.

presses it, *in style*—but, in the name of mercy, in what style? The towns were surrounded before the break of day. The inhabitants, starting from their sleep, flew to arms, with beat of drums and hideous yellings. The soldiery pressed upon them on every side, and met with a desperate resistance—but what was savage valour against the array and discipline of scientific warfare? The Creeks made gallant charges, but were beaten back by overwhelming numbers. Hemmed in like savage beasts surrounded by the hunters, wherever they turned they met a foe, and in every foe they found a butcher. “The enemy retreated firing,” says Coffee in his letter, “until they got around and in their buildings, where they made all the resistance that an overpowered soldier could do; they fought as long as one existed, but their destruction was very soon completed; our men rushed up to the doors of the houses, and in a few minutes killed the last warrior of them; the enemy fought with savage fury, and met death with all its horrors, without shrinking or complaining; not one asked to be spared, but fought so long as they could stand or sit. In consequence of their flying to their houses, and mixing with the families, our men in killing the males, without intention, *killed and wounded a few of the squaws and children.*”

So unsparing was the carnage of the sword, that not one of the warriors escaped to carry the heart-breaking tidings to the remainder of the tribe. Such is what is termed executing hostilities *in style*!—Let those who exclaim with abhorrence at Indian inroads—those who are so eloquent about the bitterness of Indian recrimination—let them turn to the horrible victory of General Coffee, and be silent.

As yet our government has in some measure restrained the tide of vengeance, and inculcated lenity towards the hapless Indians who have been duped into the present war. Such temper is worthy of an enlightened government—let it still be observed—let sharp rebuke and signal punishment be inflicted on those who abuse their delegated power, and disgrace their victories with massacre and conflagration. The enormities of the Indians form no excuse for the enormities of white men. It has pleased heaven to give them but limited powers of mind, and feeble lights to guide their judgments; it becomes us who are blessed with higher intellects to think for them, and to set them an example of humanity. It is

the nature of vengeance, if unrestrained, to be headlong in its actions, and to lay up, in a moment of passion, ample cause for an age's repentance. We may roll over these miserable beings with our chariot wheels, and crush them to the earth; but when war has done its worst—when passion has subsided, and it is too late to pity or to save—we shall look back with unavailing compunction at the mangled corpses of those whose cries were unheeded in the fury of our career.

Let the fate of war go as it may, the fate of those ignorant tribes that have been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the strife of white men, will be inevitably the same. In the collision of two powerful nations, these intervening particles of population will be crumbled to dust, and scattered to the winds of heaven. In a little while, and they will go the way that so many tribes have gone before. The few hordes that still linger about the shores of Huron and Superiour, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi, will share the fate of those tribes that once lorded it along the proud banks of the Hudson; of that gigantic race that are said to have existed on the borders of the Susquehanna, and of those various nations that flourished about the Potowmac and the Rappahanoc, and that peopled the forests of the vast valley Shenandoah. They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth—their very history will be lost in forgetfulness—and “the places that now know them will know them no more forever.”

Or if perchance some dubious memorial of them should survive the lapse of time, it may be in the romantic dreams of the poet, to populate in imagination his glades and groves, like the fauns, and satyrs, and sylvan deities of antiquity.—But should he venture upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness—should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled—driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers—hunted like wild beasts about the earth, and sent down in violence and butchery to the grave—posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers.—“We are driven back,” said an old warrior, “until we can retreat no further—our hatchets are broken—our bows are snapped—our fires are nearly extinguished—a little longer and the white men will cease to persecute us—for we will cease to exist!”

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

CONVERSATIONS AT WIMBLEDON; OR THE OPINIONS OF THE
LATE HORNE TOOKE UPON MANY SUBJECTS OF LITERATURE,
POLITICS, &c. &c.

[From Stephens's "Memoirs."]

EARLY in 1810 Mr. Tooke's various disorders had suddenly assumed such a violent appearance, that his physicians were alarmed, and all his friends supposed his dissolution to be at hand. On this trying occasion, the tender assiduity of his daughters, by administering to all his wants, contributed not a little to sooth his mind and assuage his sufferings.—They constantly attended his pillow, anticipated his wishes, and did every thing that filial piety could dictate to alleviate the pressure of disease.

On this occasion the patient did not seem desirous of prolonged existence; he was actually devoid of that *volition* deemed so necessary to recovery. Frequently urged to exert a wish, at least, to return to life and to the world, he for a long time persisted in his resolution to die, and seemed to be as fully determined as that celebrated Roman who declined all manner of nourishment, and even refused to accept of existence when in his option, although pressed and entreated by a near relation.

At length, however, he appears to have yielded to the entreaties of his friends and relatives; and nature having, at the same time, spontaneously interposed, after a severe but successful struggle, life, which seemed at one time to have ebbed nearly to the last drop of existence, now flowed in upon him in a genial current. He prophesied, however, from the first, that the change so much desired would not prove of long continuance, and considered himself merely as a traveller on a journey, detained unwillingly and against his better reason, in consequence of the pressing solicitations of others.

The moment he became convalescent, his mind imperiously and incessantly demanded employment. No sooner had the first coach arrived from London, than the newspapers were eagerly sent for. These, consisting of the Times and Morning Chronicle, were regularly read aloud, while his friends occasionally supplied him with others. But this only seemed to whet his inclination for intellectual nourishment; and appeared to be merely used as some epicures do oysters before dinner, who devour them for the purpose of creating an appetite. Books of all kinds were then called for, and read in his presence. So incessant was the demand, that the

young ladies, to make use of one of his own phrases, "were put in constant requisition;" and as they were unable to undergo such an incessant fatigue, auxiliary aid was at length called in.

Meanwhile, he delighted greatly in grapes, and partook of both English and foreign to a degree I had never before witnessed. With some of these his neighbour, Lady Rush, frequently supplied him; and he was always accustomed to evince the most grateful remembrance of her kindness. Jars, filled with the produce of the Portugal vines, were, at the same time, obtained from the importers in Thames-street; and, when these failed, a whole hot-house, belonging to Mr. Rolls of Chelsea, was bespoke, purchased, and devoured! The fruits of his garden, also, seemed to contribute not a little to his recovery, and after dinner he helped himself to his own fine *jargonel* pears with no sparing hand. I was accustomed during my occasional visits, silently to demand of myself, "what this stomach could be composed of?" and was almost forced to allow that if there ever was a constitution in which excess might be justifiable, that his was of this description.

MR. TOOKE AND HIS TOMB.

[Copied *verbatim* from a manuscript note.]

On October 7, 1810, I rode to Wimbledon—a fine day—about one o'clock arrived at the gate, expecting to find Mr. Tooke in a very dangerous situation, but was told by the gardener, with a smile, that I should be surprised. And I really ~~was~~ so, for in the course of a few minutes, I beheld him carried by two men servants to a garden chair placed on wheels, and after he had been duly seated, I went up to salute him and his company.

He expressed great satisfaction at my arrival, and dismissing his retinue, with Sir Francis Burdett pulling before, and the Misses Harte and his nephew assisting behind, we advanced in procession along a broad gravel walk towards the kitchen garden.

On our arrival there, he desired me to measure a stone placed above a *cenotaph*, for which purpose he had brought two black rods, properly graduated, being such as are used by surveyors.—It formed an oblong square or parallelogram, of Irish marble, black, glossy, and unique, being the first ever imported into this country; and on my expressing some degree of surprise, mixed with approbation, at the introduction of this noble block from the sister island, he seized that opportunity to express his respect for Mr. Chantrey, whose zeal, on the present occasion, appeared to have gratified him exceedingly.

The following were the dimensions: length, 7 feet 1 inch; breadth, 3 feet 6 inches; depth, 9 inches.

It was placed on the top of a tumulus, consisting of a brick

vault covered with turf, and erected in that portion of the detached kitchen garden, which is divided by a pretty high wall from the neighbouring common. I understood that it was meant to erect a summer-house above it, that the young ladies might have a view of the adjoining green, so that nothing gloomy should be attached to the spot.

After stating the measure as accurately as possible, he begged me to peruse the inscription, which was as follows :

JOHN HORNE TOOKE,
LATE PROPRIETOR,
AND NOW OCCUPIER OF THIS SPOT,
WAS
BORN IN JUNE, 1736,
and
DIED
IN THE YEAR OF HIS AGE,
CONTENTED AND GRATEFUL.

After I had read the epitaph aloud, he commented on the last line, and testified both his satisfaction at living so long, and his high sense of the divine goodness in permitting it. We then took a few turns along the principal walk, and conversed on a variety of subjects. Having returned to the parlour, dinner was soon after announced; it consisted of a turbot with lobster sauce, beef *en ragout*, and a capon. The liquors were Madeira and Port. The desert, as usual, was excellent, and all from his own garden, viz. walnuts, grapes, apples, bergamot pears, and imperatrice plums. The company, Miss Harte and her sister, Sir F. Burdett, Dr. Pearson, and myself.

The conversation, both before and after the repast, highly edifying and instructive—the subjects—the origin of the winds—the novelty of chimneys—the new mode of warming a room by steam—(this was pointed out and particularized by Dr. Pearson)—and the goodness and beneficence of the Deity, accompanied with pointed remarks by our host on the ingratitude of man. He then launched out into a whimsical enumeration of the advantages resulting from pain and illness, such as he himself had been lately subjected to. But on Mr. Robert Burdett's coming into the room, he with great address, and in a very apposite manner, returned to his former subject, and insisted on the wisdom, excellence, and omnipotence of God!

Mr. Tooke, in the course of this day's conversation, observed that he had an elder brother who died worth a great many thousand pounds. No one better knew the advantages resulting from sending *early fruit* to market, for he lived near Brentford, and excelled in this branch of horticulture; but he had conceived a strange project for obtaining *late fruit*, by means of wooden walls, which, however, did not answer so well as the other.

He was the principal, and, with one or two exceptions only, the sole speaker to-day. The word *talents*, he observed, was derived from the Roman expression for a coin; *genius* implied something arising out of the perfection of the senses; mental superiority sprung partly from this, and partly from experience, and a knowledge of facts. He insisted that children argued well, according to the *data* before them, even when the conclusion proved wrong. Our language resembled a harlequin's jacket—it was patched, piebald, and cut from that of other nations, but chiefly the Saxons.—He once wished to have composed a dictionary, in conjunction with Gilbert Wakefield, who was to have taken the Greek part of it, in order to show whence the various terms were derived.

He also spoke much about stereotype. Mr. Wilson, the printer, had been with him on this subject; but he considered it, however ingenious, as being a return to the ancient system of *blocks*, and he would not be *blockhead* enough to adopt it in his work. This was succeeded by a dissertation on engraving, and the praise of such artists as excel in it. “Sharpe,” he said, “had executed the frontispiece to his *Diversions of Purley*, and not only improved the original drawing, but rendered the print superior to the painting.”

Notwithstanding his acknowledged learning, so fond was he of the vernacular tongue, that he said he preferred it to all others.—The inscription intended for his tomb was accordingly written in that idiom; thus differing with Johnson, who affected the Latin exclusively, in such compositions, and preferring, with Milton, “our English, as the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty.”

A gentleman proposed to him that something should be added, so as to evince, in this last act, his attachment to freedom; but he declined any alteration whatsoever.

Among other singularities of this celebrated man, it is worthy of remark, that he not only composed his own epitaph and superintended the erection of his intended tomb, but actually became seriously and alarmingly ill, in consequence of a long exposure to the cold air on that occasion. This circumstance was evinced by several feverish symptoms, on the day subsequent to the completion of the vault, and thus the cares bestowed by him on its construction had nearly anticipated his dissolution, and made him an inhabitant of his new mansion several months before his time.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Report made by M. Leschenault, travelling Naturalist, relative to a Lake of sulphuric acid, found on the eastern coast of the Isle of Java.

“WITHIN a few days, I have returned from the journey I made to Mont Idienne. I have enjoyed one of the most imposing spectacles that nature could offer; not that benevolent nature affording to mankind plenty, happiness and repose, but nature in its most terrific form, exhibiting the image of disorder and destruction, while she secretly prepares that inflammable matter, which, perhaps, will one day desolate and overwhelm a fertile country. I would wish to transfuse into your soul a part of those sensations which I have experienced; but I feel that to paint my thoughts expression will fail me; my narrative, therefore, will be but a cold description of a spectacle great and imposing.

“The object of my journey was to inquire into the cause of the changes of the colour, and into the nature of the White River, called, in the language of the country, *Songi Pouti*, and to examine the volcano situated on the southeast side of the upper part of Mont Idienne. M. Vikerman, since he had been commandant of Bagnia Vangni, always intended to visit this volcano, from whence the company has obtained sulphur for its gunpowder. The natives never spoke of this exploration, and the difficulties and dangers attending it, but with horror. Every visit previously made to the summit of the mountain, had, hitherto, been fatal both to man and beast: the Dutch commandant, wishing to be acquainted with these difficulties and dangers, resolved to accompany me.

“M. Vikerman, M. Lisnet, (his son-in-law,) and M. Lois, (pilot of the port,) M. Hawersten, and myself, set out on horseback on the morning of the 18th September, 1805. We were accompanied by the *Pati*, the Intendant of the Police, and the *Inguebey*, the Chief of the District, with a number of Javanese and slaves, as servants, and to carry our provisions. We stopped and passed the night at Bantyar, a village, distant only three leagues from Bagnia Vangni, situated upon the lower side of Mont Idienne: the road to this place is rather steep; the country is fertile, well watered, and covered with forests, in the midst of which are some small villages.

“On the 19th we left Bantyar, and arrived in the evening at Ohonponoph, a valley which joins Mont Idienne to Mont Ranté: this is the resting place for those who visit the summit of Mont Idienne; it is about six leagues from Bantyar. Upon the road we saw a village newly established, named Litienne, peopled by some of the malefactors banished to hard labour in the pepper gardens. Good conduct in these people entitles them to be restored to their liberty. At a small distance we traverse the rivers Sevant, Boncho, and Pakis. The banks of the rivers are very steep, and, during

the rainy monsoon, they become the channels of impetuous torrents.

“ From the village of Litienne to the river Pakis, the country offers nothing but a forest of bamboo. From thence to Ohonponoph we see no more bamboo, no more rivers nor fountains, but we traverse deep valleys hollowed out by torrents formed in the rainy season. The higher we ascend the more steep the mountain becomes; however, this part of it is shadowed by trees of a considerable height. Among a great variety of vegetables, we meet with fern-tree, cabbage-palm, and the small species of wild-areka, called by the Javanese *Lindpigi*. Under this colouring of vegetables, one cannot recognise the quality of the primitive soil, because it is nothing but a composition of the wreck of vegetation. The rays of the sun never enter this impenetrable forest; thus we breathe a cold and humid air, sensibly affecting the lungs. The trunks of the trees are covered with mosses, champignons, and the *epidendrum*, the parasitic fern, &c. The fallen vegetables soon putrify, the natural consequence of the concentrated and habitual humidity of the air.

“ In the valley of Ohonponoph a few isolated trees are to be found, among which we remark the *casuarina equisetifolia*, and a new species of the oak. The soil all around is covered with high grass, which serves for nourishment of a number of deer which people the neighbouring forests. This grass serves also as a kind of thatch for covering the huts in which we reposed. When the sky is clear, the air is dry and thin; but very often the vapours exhaled during the day by the vast forests which cover Bagnia Vangni, fall in the night, and form a thick fog. A fog of this kind, cold and wet, accompanied with rain, some years since, in one night only, caused a man and fifty horses to perish. They had been sent to bring away sulphur for the company.

“ We slept at Ohonponoph, and the next day M. Vikerman and myself went to visit the back of the mountains to the westward. Our object was to examine the White River, and the cause of its vicissitudes. This river has its source in Mont Rao; its course is rapid, and it runs in a northerly direction towards the mountains of Kneudan. Its water, at first, has the appearance of being milky; but if put into a glass it appears perfectly clear and transparent, and is without taste. In this state the natives assure us it fertilizes the country it passes through.

“ The waters of the White River, when they issue from Mont Rao, run over a white clay, from which they derive their colour: the changes they undergo result from their junction with the other river, which they join about three leagues from their source. This sulphureous river, when it is not swelled by the rains that frequently fall in these mountains, is but inconsiderable, and in this situation is sometimes gradually absorbed by the sandy soil over

which it runs: but when no longer absorbed, and when it discharges its waters into the White River, the fish are killed; persons who drink of this river are seized with violent colics, and, as has been said before, vegetation on its borders perishes altogether.

“ When I descended into the bed of this sulphureous stream, at the bottom of the volcano, it was not more than 18 inches broad, and about the same depth. In fact, it is seldom more than 25 feet broad and 2 deep. The height to which it has at any time attained, is easy to be distinguished by the traces of corrosion which it leaves upon the rocks, as well as by the want of vegetation.

“ One evening, a little while after our return from Ohonponoph, the valley was covered with one of those unwholesome fogs of which I have spoken. It smelt so disagreeably, and was so dense that one could not see a light at the distance of 25 paces. Happily for us, a strong east wind carried it off about 9 o'clock at night, and thus cleared the atmosphere of these malignant vapours, which, if they do not occasion immediate death, often cause violent fevers, long in their duration and difficult to cure.

“ To descend into the bottom which contains the volcano, it was necessary to use ladders made of bamboo; however, upon the border of the crater the travellers were extremely surprised at finding the excrements of tigers, especially as the rarefaction of the air is considerable, in consequence of the degree of elevation. Having safely reached the desired spot, this was the first time I saw the terrible magazines where nature prepares those revolutions which change the surface of this habitable globe. Whether fear or admiration predominated in my mind at this time, I cannot determine; but whatever may be the degree of a man's courage in these cases, when threatened by every object around him, the sentiment of self-preservation must predominate. Here the pen-sile rocks over our heads seemed ready to fall upon us; under our feet the ebullition of the combustible matter, with a noise like that of waves breaking against the shores, with the sharp and inflammable air which we respired, all contributed to the formation of sentiments bordering upon astonishment. However, having recovered my recollection, I approached the volcanic apertures through which the smoke issued; there are four of them on the eastern side of the volcano. The first opening is the largest; this is a hole perfectly round, about seven feet in diameter. By the side of this there is another, an imperfect resemblance of a grotto, from the bottom of which a thick smoke arises. These two openings are at some distance encircled by a kind of sulphureous efflorescence, resembling powdered gold: the sides of these openings appear to be decorated with a tapestry of small but brilliant crystals of sulphur. One may safely approach very near both

these apertures : but M. Vikerman and Lisnet, unacquainted with the nature of sulphureous vapours, entering one of these places, were seized with the exhalations, and escaped with difficulty from being overcome by them. In the meanwhile all our hands and faces appeared as red as blood.

“The two other apertures to the east of these are near each other : here the subterraneous roaring is much louder. Matter from these is discharged every ten seconds, which occasions a kind of hissing similar to that of water passing through the pipe of a fire-engine. The substances thrown out during the night appear to be inflammable, but otherwise during the day. In consequence of the heat of the ground, and the difficulty of access, it was impossible to obtain specimens of all the earths, cinders, rocks, &c. The visit, however, had very nearly been accompanied by a tragical event : M. Lisnet having approached too near the steep border of the lake, the incrustated ashes gave way beneath him, and he fell ; and if a rock had not broken his fall, long before he reached the bottom, he must inevitably have perished.

“In the situation we had chosen we remained an hour and a quarter : the air we then breathed affected our eyes, our lips, our nostrils, and our lungs ; even the soles of our shoes were burnt by the heat of the ground.”

The author of this report expressed much regret for the want of a thermometer ; for when at Batavia one of these instruments could not be procured at any price. The summit of Mont Idienne he estimated at 1,000 fathoms above the level of the sea. Some fragments of rock found at Batiol Mati, about a league and a half from Mont Idienne, which appeared to the author to be a half-melted lava, he has designated as a species of pouding.

A lake of sulphuric acid, found at the bottom of a *Souffriere*, being a new circumstance in geology, I have, says the author, transmitted to France half a bottle full of the waters of this lake, and of this an analysis has been made by M. Vauquelin.

IRISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[From Gamble's View of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland.]

THE people seem highly superstitious here. The country itself may give such a character—awful and majestic in its quiescent, but forlorn and dreary, howling with tempests, roaring with cataracts, and darkened with clouds, in its troubled moments, it may naturally be supposed to excite corresponding emotions in the natives. A fondness for the marvellous, a shuddering at the indistinct, a superstitious dread of futurity, have been remarked in almost all northern nations. But besides the physical influence

of climate, there has been in Ireland the moral influence of events. It was natural that the wild ideas of superstition should take possession of a people so accustomed to gloomy transactions, and that nursed to slaughter, and suckled as it were with blood, all their notions should be tinged with it. It was natural that they should turn to the phantoms of their imaginations, rather than to the objects of their reason, and that these ideas (gradually softening by time) should be handed down from generation to generation, even to the present one.

I have been led into these reflections by a conversation I heard last night, at a small party of elderly ladies. I select such parts of it as seem most illustrative. They were all religious women, and in respectable situations in life. One of them lamented the mischances that had befallen her, in a house she had taken—the chimney was twice on fire, the wind took a great part of the roof off, and she knew, before the winter was over, that it would either be burned or blown down.

“Your house must be frail,” I said, “and perhaps you have careless servants.”

“No, the house was a stout little one enough,” she replied; “and as to her servants, they were no saints to be sure, but she believed no worse than her neighbours.”

The reason why this good lady foreboded so much mischief to her house, and dreaded even that, like Aladin’s palace, it might take a wandering fit and set off in pursuit of adventures, was, that on entering it first, she had walked straight forwards, instead of going backwards, and had omitted saying, what popular superstition considers indispensable, “God heap blessings on this house; God give us comfort in this life, and happiness in that which is to come”—carrying, at the same time, salt in one hand and a little meal in the other.

We talked of the Banshee, an imaginary being, as I have before remarked, who gives warning of death, by wandering about the house in which it is to happen, and uttering the most plaintive cries. I doubted its existence.

“I will prove it to you,” said one of the ladies, “unless,” added she, smiling, “you doubt my veracity.” I assured her I was convinced she had no intention to deceive, though, like every human being, she was liable to be deceived herself.

She was one night sitting up reading to a young man who was ill of some lingering sickness; they heard a piteous sound like the cry of a woman in distress. The young man started up and asked what it was.—“O, nothing,” said she, “but the cry of a dog.”

“O no, no,” replied he, “I know the sound too well—that cry always follows our family, when any of them are going to die; and I am sure I have not many days to live.”

A lady of her acquaintance, a very religious woman, sent her son to be educated at Glasgow. A few nights after his departure, there was a dreadful storm of wind and rain. About two in the morning the mother was awakened by a wild shriek at her window. She started up, and exclaimed, "Now my son perishes! may God receive his soul!" As near as could be ascertained, he was drowned at the same hour. She persisted, however, (to use her own expression,) in bringing up one son to the Lord. She accompanied him to Glasgow herself, and had the pleasure of hearing him preach before she died.

I shall tell one more of their stories, and then be done. I shall compress it too. An old woman's tale is always long. She lives on recollection, as the young live on hope. Our misery in life is the present, our joy in the future, and the past.

A farmer, of the name of G——— had the misfortune to lose his sight. He had several children, but they were too young to manage the farm. It was, therefore, thought advisable to sell it, and he got admitted into Simpson's hospital, in Dublin, a most admirable institution for a number of blind and decayed persons.

His wife took a shop in the little town of S———, where she lived for some years, universally respected. She was considered not only a woman of great good sense, but of great piety likewise. The sorrow for her, therefore, was universal, when a paragraph appeared in the Dublin Evening Post, stating the death of her husband, which took place in the following manner:

A countryman speaking with a northern accent, was admitted one morning into the hospital to see G———. He introduced himself by saying he came from the same part of the country that he did, and thought he would be glad to hear some news of his relations. After chatting for some time, he invited him and another man, who slept in the same room, to go with him and have some drink. This they declined. Finding he could not prevail on them, he said they must at least eat together for acquaintance sake. "This cake is good," said he to G———, pulling a large piece out of his pocket, "and you won't like it the worse for being north-country cake; it was baked the night before I left home." The two men ate of it, and almost instantly the stranger went away. They were taken violently ill a short time afterwards, and both died that evening.

A female acquaintance of Mrs. G———'s went in to condole with her on this melancholy occasion. She found her sitting in all the stupefaction of grief, and rocking her body backwards and forwards, and from side to side.

She endeavoured to console her; she told her Heaven looked in pity on her sufferings, and would pour down vengeance on her husband's murderer, both here and hereafter.

"What!" shrieked out Mrs. G———, "would you not allow

her time for repentance?" "No," replied the other, "I would not—he gave no time for repentance. The Almighty punish him without mercy, as he showed no mercy himself."

"The Lord hear my prayer!" said the unfortunate woman, wringing her hands, and again rocking her body, "the Lord hear my prayer!" She, however, did not utter any. In the course of the same day, the officers of justice arrived from Dublin. They would have proceeded immediately to interrogate the widow, but the magistrate of the place gave her so high a character, and described so forcibly her sorrow, that they agreed to spare her the shock of speaking on such a business till the next day. It does not appear that they had any suspicion of her being the guilty person. They wished only to acquire such information as might direct their future proceedings.

Her friend, however, on reflecting on the above conversation, more particularly on the word *her* which she had inadvertently dropped, began to entertain some suspicion. She could not bear to express it herself, but sent a gentleman to tell her, if she was innocent to *stand her ground*; but if she was guilty to fly as fast as possible.

"I am guilty," said the wretched woman, and afterwards fell into strong convulsions, repeating, at intervals, as she could speak, "O the burning pains of hell! O the burning pains of hell!" When she was a little recovered, she confessed she had bought some arsenic, had baked it in the cake, and had prevailed on a tenant, by the promise of a large sum, to give it to her husband. Her reason she did not give. It is supposed she was attached to a gauger who lodged in her house, who she thought would marry her if she was at liberty to accept of his offer.

The gentleman disguised her as a servant, and sent her out of the house, carrying pails, as if going for water.

At night the servant maid went to get some turf for the fire, (which is often kept in a hole under the stairs.) She drew back and shrieked. A female form was lying there. It was her mistress, coiled up like a serpent, and howling like a wolf rather than a human being. She had wandered in the outskirts of the town all day, and when it was dark had entered unnoticed, and thrust herself in there.

Her friend was sent for. She overcame her reluctance, and saw the unfortunate woman. She reasoned with her, and brought her to such a state of composure as again to think of her escape. Mrs. G.—— would have clasped her in her arms at parting.

"Kiss me, kiss me," said she, "before I wander like Cain into the wide wilderness." The other started back as if she had trod on a viper. "No," said she, "I will not kiss you—since it is you who have done the horrid deed, I wish you should have time for repentance, but I will not kiss a murderess."

Of the hairbreadth escapes, though highly interesting, the wretched woman had during twelve days that she wandered amidst rocks and solitary glens, the bounds of this chapter will not allow me to speak. The officers of justice were close at her heels. They soon got on the scent, and never lost, though they could not come up with her. The nature of the country favoured her, as well as the humanity of its inhabitants. All abhorrence of Mrs. G——, the murderess, was drowned in pity for Mrs. G——, sorrowing and repentant, a wanderer without a habitation. A reward of a hundred pounds was offered for her apprehension. More than fifty persons might have obtained it—probably, not fifty times a hundred pounds would have prevailed on any of them to do what he would have thought so barbarous and inhuman a deed.

She came to B——, a small village, where the mother of her husband, a woman between seventy and eighty, resided. Some one told her that her daughter-in-law was there, and asked her what she would have done.

“*Dinna* harm her,” said the good woman, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to Heaven; let her *gang* in peace—*gin* Heaven will give her time for repentance, I am sure I *munna* refuse it to her.”

Mrs. G—— at length got to a foreign country, where she now resides. The punishment to which the law would have sentenced her, had she been taken, would have been mild compared to that which conscience every day and every hour inflicts. She was saved in judgment, not in mercy—saved to suffer longer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BERNADOTTE, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

[From Dr. Thomas's Travels.]

A NEW Crown Prince was to be elected, and various candidates offered themselves. It is universally known that the choice fell upon Bernadotte, Prince of Ponté Corvo, who at that time had the command of a French army in the north of Germany, and who had begun his career as a private soldier in the French army. By what secret springs this election was conducted it was quite impossible to learn. But the nature of the choice, and the war with Great Britain, lead one strongly to suspect the all-powerful application of French influence. The Swedes all vehemently deny the existence of any such influence, and affirm that the election of Bernadotte was very much contrary to Bonaparte's wishes. But I do not believe that any one of those persons with whom I conversed on the subject, had any means of acquiring accurate information. The secret means employed were probably known

only to a very small number of individuals, and Bernadotte's consummate prudence, for which he is very remarkable, will probably bury the real truth for ever in oblivion, unless some unforeseen change in the affairs of Europe should make it his interest to divulge the secret.

There can be no doubt that Bernadotte was very popular both in Hanover and at Hamburgh, and that his behaviour to the Swedes, when he was applied to about concluding a peace with the French Emperor, had made a powerful impression in his favour. His great abilities were generally known, and Sweden stood greatly in need of a prince of abilities to raise her from the state of extreme feebleness into which she had fallen. It is affirmed in Sweden, that a coolness had for some time existed between Bonaparte and the Prince of Ponté Corvo, in consequence of Bonaparte, upon some occasion or other, throwing up to him his original rank of a private soldier. Such a story is well suited to the impetuous rudeness which characterizes Bonaparte; but it does not agree with the mild temper and consummate prudence of Bernadotte. To judge from appearances, he has not a good opinion of his own countrymen, for not a single Frenchman is employed either in the Swedish army, or in any other situation, and all the applications which have been made to him by Frenchmen have been uniformly refused. It was he that brought about a peace between Great Britain and Sweden. The French Emperor was hurt at his conduct, and in consequence took possession of Swedish Pomerania. When the Russian war began last summer with France, he went over to Obo, had a conference with the Emperor of Russia, and it is confidently asserted that he planned the campaign which proved ultimately so successful to Russia, and so disastrous to France. Yet all this while he has most carefully abstained from issuing any declaration, or involving Sweden in any active part against France. If Bonaparte prove, ultimately, successful, there can be little doubt that his conduct will admit of apology with Bonaparte, in consequence of the difficulty of his situation: while, on the other hand, if Britain and Russia prevail, he is gone far enough to secure the friendship of these two powers. Nothing, therefore, can be more skilful than the conduct which he has pursued. Indeed it may be questioned whether any other would not, in the present circumstances, have endangered his own situation, or the very existence of Sweden as a nation. Nothing would have been easier for him than to have induced Sweden to enter into an alliance with France. The Swedish nobility have all had a French education, and they have adopted a good deal of the manners and opinions of that volatile and unprincipled nation. The Swedes have been so long accustomed to an alliance with France, that it has become in some measure natural to the nation. They

have imbibed the opinions, which Bonaparte has divulged with so much industry, respecting the danger of Great Britain holding the dominion of the sea, and the injury which British commerce and British manufactures do to other nations. These opinions I admit to be inconsistent with the knowledge of the first principles of commerce, and even of common sense, and show a most miserable ignorance of the real interests and real state of Europe. Yet I have heard them gravely maintained by some of the most sensible men in Sweden. If to all this we add the severe treatment which they have met with from the Russians, and the natural jealousy which every nation must have of a powerful and encroaching neighbour, we shall not be surprised that the great body of the Swedes in the present war take the part of the French, and are secretly hostile to Britain and Russia. When I was at Stockholm this appeared very strongly marked. When any news arrived of successes gained by the Russians, the faces of every one you met indicated disappointment and uneasiness. When news arrived of successes gained by the French, every person was in ecstasy. I except from this the German and British merchants who reside in Sweden, and who constitute a small but respectable and wealthy body.

But had Bernadotte induced the Swedes to unite with France, the infallible consequence would have been, supposing Russia capable of standing her ground, that he would have been attacked by Great Britain and Russia, two powers that could with the utmost ease have divided and conquered the whole kingdom. On the other hand, had he united with Russia, and declared war against France, the consequence would have been, supposing Bonaparte successful, that he would have been driven from the Swedish throne, and reduced again to a private station. We must admit, therefore, that no part of the conduct of Bernadotte has hitherto laid open his real intentions—if he has any other intentions than to preserve his situation, and be regulated in his alliances by circumstances.

As soon as Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, some of the Swedish bishops went over to Denmark, and made him sign a renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, and an acknowledgment that he had embraced the Lutheran tenets. At the same time he was baptized by the name of Charles John, (*Carl Johan*.) When he landed in Sweden, he was met by a nobleman sent by the Diet to receive him. As soon as they met they embraced. By some accident the two stars with which they were decorated caught hold of each other, so that when they attempted to separate, they found themselves entangled. "Monseigneur," said the nobleman, "nous nous sommes attaché." "J'espere," answered the Crown Prince without hesitation, "qu'il est pour

jamais." Soon after his arrival in Sweden, he sent his wife and his whole family out of the country, except his eldest son, Prince Oscar, a boy about fourteen years of age. It is well known that at present the rest of his family is in France. This step occasioned a good deal of speculation in Sweden, and much anxiety to know the reason of a conduct apparently so unnatural. A nobleman one day said to him, that the Swedes had always been accustomed to hear a great deal concerning the royal family; that they would of course be very inquisitive about his family, and on that account he wanted to know from his Royal Highness what answer he should give if any person asked him about the family of the Crown Prince: "In that case," replied Bernadotte, "you may say that you know nothing of the matter."

The Crown Prince seems in fact to be really the King of Sweden. Charles XIII. never appears in public, and he is so old and infirm that he is not probably able to manage the affairs of the kingdom, were he even so inclined. The first care of the Crown Prince was to restore the army, which had been destroyed during the unfortunate wars of the late King, and to bring it again to a state of respectability. The French mode of levying troops by conscription, which the late king had in vain attempted to introduce, was resorted to. The Swedish army, at present, amounts to 50,000 men, besides the supplementary troops, who may be 30,000 more; but are chiefly boys, or young men under twenty. All the troops are dressed in French uniform, and the French tactics have been introduced into all the regiments. I saw a review of about 6,000 Swedish troops. The orders were given by the Crown Prince himself, and the skill of the troops, and the rapidity of their movements, seemed to me to be very great. Every Swedish soldier has a house and a piece of ground assigned to him, by the cultivation of which he supports himself when not in the field. When called out he is supported by government. By this contrivance the Swedish army costs the country much less than it otherwise would do. The men are kept from vice, and their health and hardihood is probably promoted. When they are collected for drill, the first thing they do every morning on assembling is to sing a hymn. This practice they follow likewise when they go into action. It is said to have originated with Gustavus Adolphus.

The Crown Prince seems to be very popular in Sweden; every body spoke well of him. When he passed by the ranks of the Swedish troops, he was received with huzzas. He is a middle aged man, with a dark complexion, an agreeable expressive countenance; but a little disfigured by the size of his nose. He cannot express himself intelligibly in Swedish. The person who has the charge of his horses is an Englishman, who has been with him these eight years.

POETRY.

PATRIOTIC STANZAS.

[The following spirited verses were composed by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. and recited by him at a meeting of North Britons, in London, on Monday, 8th of August, 1803. The bursts of feeling in the second and third stanzas, are remarkably natural and energetic.]

Our bosoms we'll bare to the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust.
God bless the green Isle of the brave !
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would raise the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, &c.

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms ?
Shall a Frenchman insult a lov'd fair at our side ?
To arms—O my country, to arms !
Then rise, &c.

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen ?—No—
Their heads to the sword shall be given ;
Let a deathbed repentance await the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to heaven !
Then rise, &c.

ON THE CAPRICES OF FORTUNE.

From the Arabic.

Why should I blush that fortune's frown
Dooms me life's humble paths to tread ;
To live unheeded and unknown ;
To sink forgotten to the dead ?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
 That surest shine or brightest rise,
 The feather sports upon the wave,
 The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.
 Each lesser star that studs the sphere,
 Sparkles with undiminished light ;
 Dark and eclipsed alone appear
 The Lord of Day, the Queen of Night.



SEQUEL TO THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

[The following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young lady of Edinburgh, of fourteen years of age.]

O ! ye who so lately were blithsome and gay,
 At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away,
 Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
 For the soul of the banquet—the Butterfly's dead !

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
 To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance :
 For see her thin form o'er the favourite bend,
 And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of her friend !

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
 And the Beetle who follows, as mournful as he !
 And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
 The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave !

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
 And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn,
 And the Moth, who was grieved at the loss of a sister,
 Bent over the body, and silently kissed her !

The corpse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
 And included in case which the Silk-worm had spun !
 By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
 On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
 And six of the number supported the pall :
 And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,
 But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
 And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,
 Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
 And wrote these few lines to be placed on her tomb.

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
 Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave,
 'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
 And hallowed the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
 And the lily discover her bosom of snow,
 While under the leaf in the ev'nings of spring,
 Still mourning her friend shall the Grasshopper sing.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

When things are done, and past recalling,
 'Tis folly then to fret and cry,
 Prop up a rotten house that's falling,
 But when it's down, e'en let it lie.

O, patience, patience, thou'rt a jewel,
 And like all jewels hard to find,
 'Mongst all the various men you see,
 Examine every mother's son,
 You'll find they all in this agree,
 To make ten troubles out of one.
 When passions rage, they heap on fuel,
 And give their reason to the wind.

Hark, don't you hear the general cry,
 Whose troubles ever equall'd mine,
 How readily each stander-by
 Replies, with captious echo, "mine."
 Sure from our clime this discord springs,
 Heaven's choicest blessings we abuse,
 And every Englishman alive,
 Whether Duke, Lord, Esquire or Gent,
 Claims as his just prerogative
 Ease, liberty, and discontent.
 A Frenchman often starves and sings
 With cheerfulness and wooden shoes.

A Peasant of the true French breed,
 Was driving in a narrow road
 A cart with but one sorry steed,
 And fill'd with onions, savoury load!
 Careless he trudg'd along before,
 Singing a Gascon roundelay—
 Hard by there ran a whimpering brook,
 The road ran shelving towards the brim,
 The spiteful wind th' advantage took,
 The wheel flies up, the onions swim—
 The Peasant saw his favourite store
 At one rude blast all puff'd away.

How would an English clown have sworn,
 To hear them plump, and see them roll,
 Have curs'd the hour that he was born,
 And for an onion damn'd his soul!

Our Frenchman acted quite as well :
He stopp'd, and hardly stopp'd, his song ;
First rais'd his Bidet from his swoon,
Then stood a little while to view
His onions bobbing up and down :
At last he, shrugging, cried " Parbleu,
Il ne manque ici que de sel,
Pour faire de potage excellent."

WOMAN.

Woman, dear woman, in whose name,
Wife, sister, mother, meet ;
Thine is the heart, by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat.

In thee the angel virtues shine,
An angel form to thee is giv'n,
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heav'n.

From thee we draw our infant strength,
Thou art our childhood's friend ;
And when the man unfolds at length,
On thee his hopes depend.

For round the heart thy pow'r hast spun,
A thousand dear mysterious ties :
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. E. HALL, Esquire, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Maryland, is preparing for the press a treatise on "The office and authority of a Justice of the Peace, arising under the acts of the Congress of the United States, the Legislature of the State of Maryland, and the Common Law. Illustrated by a variety of precedents adapted to those Laws."

J. CUSHING, of Baltimore, has in the press a translation of Dr. J. Larrey's *Memoirs of Military Surgery*, and of the Campaigns of the French armies in Asia and Europe, from the year 1791 to 1812. By **RICHARD W. HALL**, M. D. professor of Midwifery in the University of Maryland. From the second Paris edit. In two vols. large 8vo.

Lately published, **HALL'S DISTILLER**, containing, 1. Full and practical directions for making and distilling all kinds of grain, and imitating Holland gin and Irish whiskey. 2. A notice of the different kinds of stills in use in the United States, and of the Scotch stills, which may be run off 480 times in 24 hours. 3. A treatise on fermentation, containing the latest discoveries on the subject. 4. Directions for making yeast, and preserving it sweet for any length of time. 5. The Rev. Mr. Allison's process of rectification, with improvements, and mode of imitating French brandy, &c. 6. Instructions for making all kinds of cordials, compound waters, &c. also for making cider, beer, and various kinds of wines, &c. &c. &c. Adapted to the use of farmers as well as distillers. By Harrison Hall.

On this last work, the following encomium is passed by Professor Cooper, in his *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*. "If a few pages of chymical disquisition were omitted, and some practical directions given on the use of the hydrometer, this would be the best book I have seen on the subject. Indeed, I consider it such as it is. It supersedes a great deal of what I had to say on this manufacture, but I can make some additions when the proper time comes."

THE WESTERN GLEANER.—We have just received the first number of a scientific and literary work, entitled *The Western Gleaner*, published monthly at Pittsburgh, and edited by C. F. Aigster, M. D. It is with great pleasure that we hail this proof of the advancement of science and learning in this interesting portion of the union. The prospectus of the editor breathes the liberal and truly national spirit that should govern every work of the kind; the contents of his first number are highly satisfactory, and if he steadfastly adheres to the impartial plan he has laid down, and executes it with the ability of which he has already given tokens, it cannot fail to redound to his own credit, and the advantage of the Western Country.

IN PRESS—By Howe and Deforest, of New-Haven, *The Elements of Algebra*, being the first part of an introduction to the study of the Mathematics, adapted to the course of instruction in Yale College. By Jeremiah Day, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

